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ILLIAN



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V. THE PIONEER



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Bridgeburg, Ont.

This is the tenth of a series drawn especially for the Genesee Pure Food Company by Herbert M. Stoops, formerly 6th Field Artillery, 1st Division.

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Another Tale of the D. C. I.

The Masquerader

By Karl W. Detzer

PERHAPS you saluted Private Benny Stein, you doughboy, and made it as snappy as you knew how. Perhaps you, too, lieutenant, stood unwittingly at attention while Private Benny Stein barked denunciations on your head. Majors were known to straighten their shoulders and put click into it when they gave him the big five in passing, for Private Benny Stein, whatever his rank for the moment, insisted upon a proper salute.

When a certain army transport arrived in Brest in September, 1918, the port officials were too busy sending replacements up to St. Mihiel to pay much attention to one unimportant private who disappeared on the Atlantic trip. Benny Stein had been checked aboard at the North River pier; when he failed to walk down the gangplank with his detachment of casuals at Brest the word "missing" was written after his name, and the world forgot him for eleven months.

This story concerning Stein came to me from various sources. The French Secret Police and the A. E. F. Division of Criminal Investigation of the Paris district captured him, for although my own office in Le Mans searched for him as hard as any while he was in our territory, each time his feet were too quick for us. Part of his story I heard from the operators who arrested him for some half-dozen offenses; most of it came from his own lips—afterward.

There were few criminals in the A. E. F. with whom I was ever on more than strictly formal terms. But Stein was different. One night after his trial—he had been sentenced to fifteen years—he slipped out of the guardhouse, and I surprised him in a public café in a base port. When he saw me he came over voluntarily to my table.

"I just came down town for a last fling," he explained naively. "The sergeant of the guard says they're going to start me back to the States tomorrow, and I wanted a few more drinks. If you're bound to arrest me be a good fellow and let me have a drink or two first; then take me back. I promise this any way: I'll go back to that guardhouse at midnight by myself anyway. I gave my word to the sergeant."

"I was looking out of the port, and tried some French on them. In about one minute I was over the side and they were taking me ashore"

"The Sergeant let you go?"
"Sure." He rubbed his thumb and fingers together, indicating that money had passed between them. "I've been getting out every few nights since they sentenced me."

I had come upon him in a quiet upper room at the head of a circular iron staircase. A surprising place to find a deserter, this café! General officers gathered here for a few peaceful minutes at one of the small board tables; here also came privates and majors and Frenchmen; only once did I ever see a woman. Friends told friends of the place. No one else found it—except Private Benny Stein.

Sitting down boldly at my table, he began to boast of his escapades.

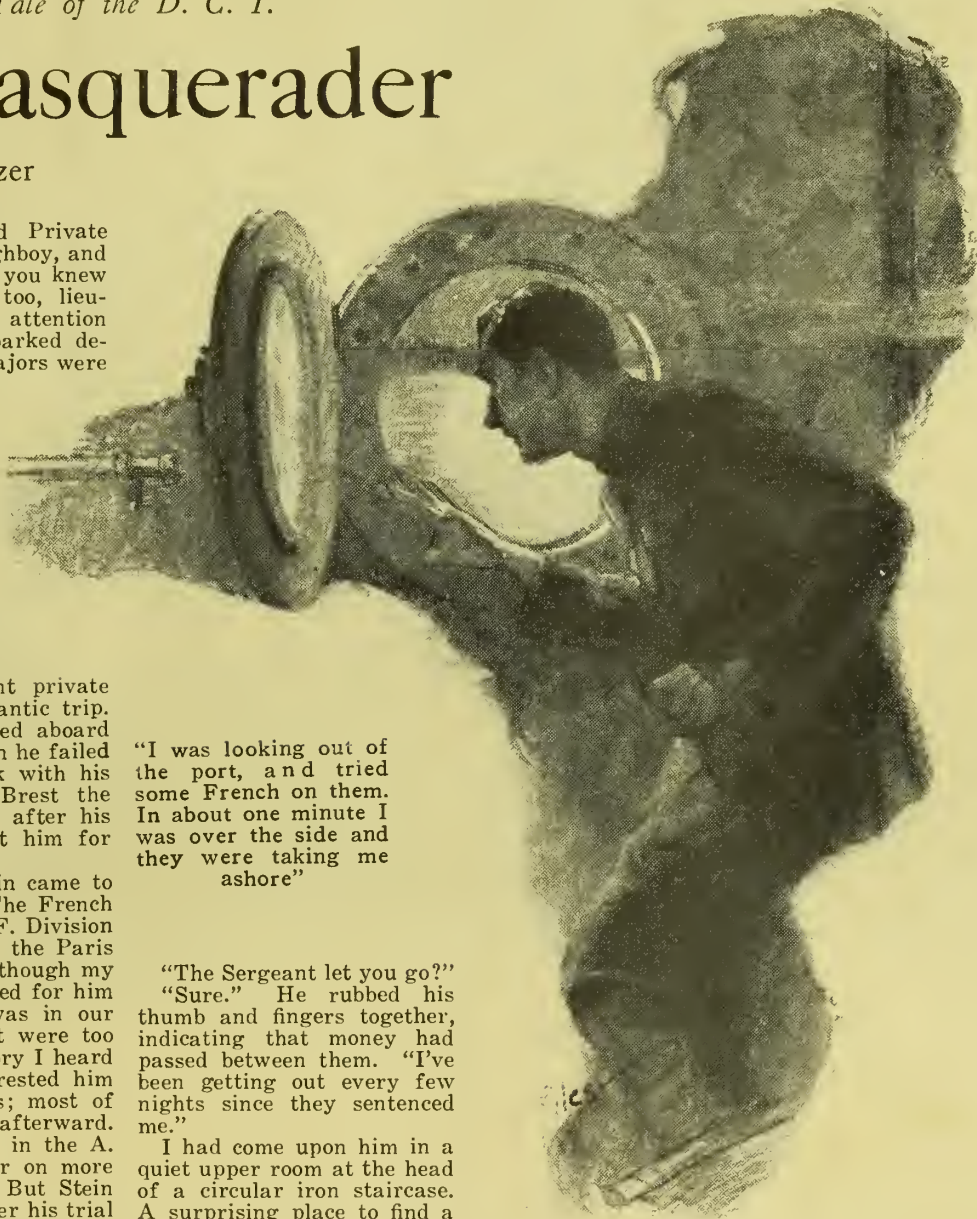
"You remember one night in Tours," he asked impudently, "you spent the night looking for me on some silly charge or other?"

I nodded. Stein on that occasion was

wanted for impersonating an officer in southern France.

"Your men had a fine description of me," he told me now. "Thought I was dressed in a colonel's uniform and had a car. You stopped every colonel who rode past, and every one was madder than the last one. About three in the morning you and Lieutenant Lee went down to the Green Monkey and looked for me.

"Remember? Well, I watched you



most of the time. I wasn't a colonel at all that night. I was a private, and my car was in a garage. You sure were mighty anxious to find me. You had me cornered a dozen times, you people down in Le Mans and that outfit up in Paris. But I was too smart. It was just luck, those frog detectives finally getting me. If I hadn't been drinking I'd still be sitting pretty."

"Why did you desert in the first place?" I asked him.

"Food, chiefly," he admitted willingly. "You see we had rotten food coming over on that ship. And the night we came into Brest harbor and I looked at the lights of the port, all blinking at me, I thought of the good food I could have on land. I'd been over in France before traveling with my father, and I knew French pretty well already."

"How did you do it?"

He grinned. Usually when we asked Private Stein a direct question he retorted with one of his own: "How much would you like to know?" Tonight, however, he was talkative, and I kept his glass filled.

"After we dropped anchor about one o'clock that morning," he explained, "there was a small boat came alongside our transport. The Frenchmen in it had cognac to sell, sort of bootlegging. They rowed right under the stern and along by our porthole. It happened I couldn't sleep. I was looking out of the port, and tried some French on them. In about one minute I was over the side and they were taking me ashore."

"I thought I'd come back in the morning. That's the truth. I hated the army, but I didn't think of staying away. Well, I went to a hotel, and about daylight there was a raid—those M. P.'s again looking for AWOL's. I heard them breaking down the front door, and I ran down the hall. I tried to find my room again, and right there's where luck came along. I got into the wrong room. I put on a blouse that was hanging there, and a cap—I was dressed except for those details—and when I slid out of a window into the back courtyard I found that I had gold bars on my shoulder."

"I hid in a shed until morning. Along about noon I got so hungry that I straightened myself out a bit and went into the restaurant and ordered lunch. Oh, yes, I meant to tell you. There was

a second looney's identification card in the coat and a pass, a sort of permit to take this fellow all over the area."

"I have a way with the ladies; I sent out a little girl to get me some officer's shoes and leggins. It was too late to go back to my outfit. I thought a second looney with a pass in his pocket

"Well, the silver bars didn't help much. I had to get a new pass printed before I could be safe even then."

"How did you get that done?" I demanded.

"I took the pass I found in my pocket and went to a printer and had one hundred more made like it. I got a copy of the seal at the same place—very simple. All I had to do was to forge the name of the commanding general. That was easy, because I had a copy."

"But as I say, I was still bothered by those M. P.'s. I let my mustache grow and spiked the ends of it. I was some swell little fellow then, I tell you—much too grand for any first lieutenant. So one day I decided I'd be a major. I bought the leaves from the Q. M. with a note which I fixed up, signing a major's name and saying I was his adjutant. Quick—bon chance! —I am Monsieur le Commandant!"

"Then I went to Paris—that was nearly a year ago—and, oh!"

He paused. I could pry no more that night out of Private Benny Stein. It was after one o'clock. I was returning to the camp, and taking him with me. Instead he offered to take me.

"In what?" I asked in astonishment.

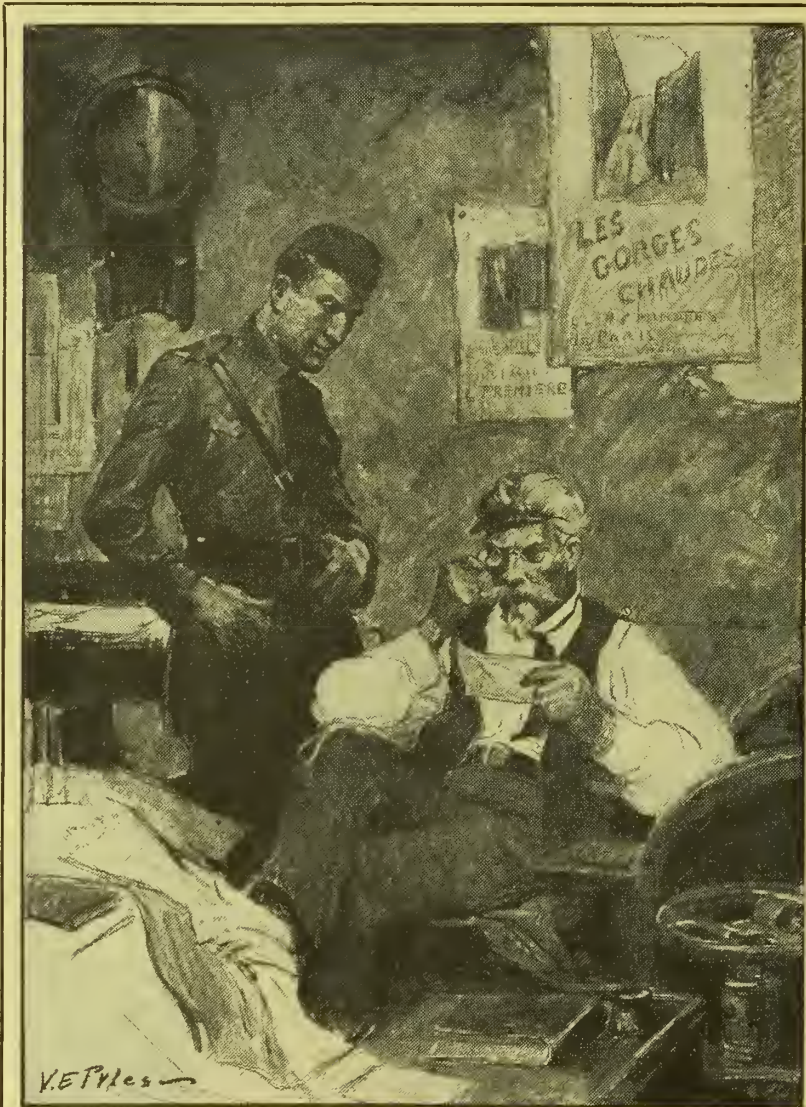
"I brought a sidecar down," he explained casually. "The sergeant of the guard let me have it if I would bring some Three Star back with me."

So I rode back to the camp with this ex-soldier who was

due to start within a few days his fifteen-year sentence for desertion, forgery, thievery, impersonation of an officer, and what not. I watched him pass himself into the prison stockade. Fortunately I was to see him later on. Twice more I had long talks with him; both times his tongue was loose and I heard his own interpretation of some of the deeds that made him the criminal ace of the A. E. F.

Before, when we were searching for Private Benny Stein, I did not know what he looked like. It was early in 1919 that the D. C. I. first heard rumors of his escapades. An American officer, it was reported, had cashed a ten-thousand franc check at the Crédit Lyonnais; he was a colonel, with gray hair and a sharp mustache, introduced by a gentleman, from the Paris

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"I took the pass I found in my pocket and went to a printer and had one hundred more made like it"

would have a lot more luck with the M. P.'s than a private.

"But, captain, I'll tell you this. Those M. P.'s always kind of had it in for the second looneys. I couldn't go a step but I'd have to get out my pass and show it. And so, about three days later, I went into a store and bought a pair of silver bars. Quick, like that! I'm promoted to first lieutenant!"

He looked at his empty glass, and I clapped my hands and ordered more. I reached into my pocket to pay, but he waved me aside. Out of his own bill fold he brought a roll of hundred franc notes.

"You worked for your money," he said, "put it away. This came easy." We both paid.

"After you were a first lieutenant," I coached him, "what was the next step?"

Those Peacetime Ships of Ours

What Use Are We Going to Make of Them?

By Herbert Corey



© Keystone

The Leviathan, "wonder vessel of the Seven Seas," being coaxed toward the naval dock in South Boston after her trip up from Newport News, where more than \$8,500,000 was spent putting her in perfect condition. On July 4th, following a trial trip to Cuba, she will start on her maiden voyage across the Atlantic as a merchant ship flying the Stars and Stripes. Above, the new Chairman of the Shipping Board, Edward P. Farley, of Chicago. He steps into the vacancy left by Albert D. Lasker

THIS is the way it happened. The restaurant was a little one—dirty, dark, and with two pairs of steer horns and a sheet of the local brands on the wall. The waiter was tough. The tenderfoot was a tenderfoot. He said:

"I'll begin with crab flakes. Then a filet mignon, salad of endive and a peach Melba."

The waiter said:

"What you get is beans."

That's the way it is with us in the matter of our government-owned fleet. What we get is beans. What we may desire is something else again. There is no argument whether we should have a mercantile marine. We've got it. The true question is a double-barrelled one: How are we to handle it?

Why should we maintain it?

Suppose we get down to hardpan. We spent three billion dollars in buying and building a fleet. That was a war expenditure and can properly be charged off. But we are confronted by two pertinent facts:

The war taught us that unless we have suddenly taken out the American brain and packed a sheep's kidney in the cavity we must have our own fleet to transport our exports, bring in our imports and provide for military transportation in the event of war.

The other fact is that as an unlooked-for hangover from that three-billion-dollar war cost we have a fleet. Two hundred vessels are as good as any in the world. Three hundred are pretty good vessels. Two hundred others are

fair to poor. That is a total of seven hundred of which we may say that five hundred have competitive value. They can hold their own, if given a dog's chance, against the shipping of any nation. There are seven hundred vessels which, to be candid about it, are not worth talking about. Junks. Their hulls, their plans, their engines, their whole make-up is scandalous and rotten. There may be some salvage value, but they had best be forgotten. Part of the cost of war. All right, then.

We have five hundred good ships.

The most absolutely sure thing there ever was is that we are not going to sink those ships at sea. Lots of people, mostly those who own fleets on the other side of the waters, think that would be an ideal way out. No one would lose

but the Americans. But we will not. No administration would consent to do it, no Congress would O. K. such a plan, and if either did the people would tree the offender somewhere in the high Sierras. It is not thinkable. In some way these assets must be realized on.

Realization can only be had in two ways. The ships can be sold or they can be operated by the Government.

They will not be sold to foreigners. That seems sure. Even those who are not certain of anything else admit that we must not give our friendly enemies any more of an edge than they now have on our overseas trade. It remains that they must be sold to Americans, to be retained under the American flag. Today ocean freight rates are down close to starvation. Cargoes are scarce, wages are high, food costly, coal and oil dear, and repair costs out of line. Shipping men insist that they must have governmental aid if they are to buy and run these vessels.

"If the Government does not make up the difference between what we take in and what we spend we will go broke," they say. "We are patriots. We want to keep these vessels under the flag, if for no other reason than to serve the Government in time of war. But we cannot do this if we are bankrupted."

There are two ways in which a subsidy can be granted. One is by direct payment, as was planned in last winter's subsidy bill. Incidentally, that bill might have become a law if it had not been so loosely drawn. Many a Congressional sharp says so. The direct payments might be supplemented by preferential treatment of various sorts. The other way of granting a subsidy is to sell the ships at prices so cheap that the difference between today's cost and tomorrow's prospective value would be equivalent to a guarantee against loss in operation. That is, practically, the plan the Shipping Board has in mind at the time of writing. But it looks as though the board lacks confidence to put that plan through. It is afraid to put the prices

down low enough to calm the fears of possible buyers. Too many uninformed people would throw bricks.

Yet the board is sincerely anxious to get the ships into private hands. It does not believe in government ownership of ships. It is not attacking the principle of government ownership, but merely declares that ships cannot be so economically handled by a government as by individuals.

President Harding, speaking for himself and the board, has said that if the ships are not sold to Americans, under a pledge to keep certain trade routes open, the Government will enter upon aggressive operation. In any case, the flag will be kept on the sea. That is the one thing sure in a shifting world. The ships may go into private hands, Congress may grant a subsidy, or the board may run the ships for the benefit of the people. But the flag will be kept on the sea.

There are two reasons—these shipping arguments seem to run in twos—why the fleet must be made use of. One is a purely pacific, commercial and domestic one. We will need the ships to handle the constantly increasing demands of our commerce. It is true that the natural and perhaps the more desirable way in which to build up a merchant marine is to wait upon the processes of nature—in other words, to wait until we begin to be sea-conscious, until the increasing business with other countries hammers into our heads the fact that we must have our own ships. Before that phase is discussed let us go back a little.

In the half century following the War of the Revolution the American flag was on every sea. It was well hated by every rival—the War of 1812 proved that. By the deliberate policy of the British government the pirates of Tripoli were permitted to operate in order that they might check American sea ventures—Lord Sheffield said as much in the House of Lords. France was no less hostile to our widening activities. American skippers made sail-

ing records from China in the old tea-wagons that seem likely to stand forever. Our mercantile marine continued to increase until our own Civil War.

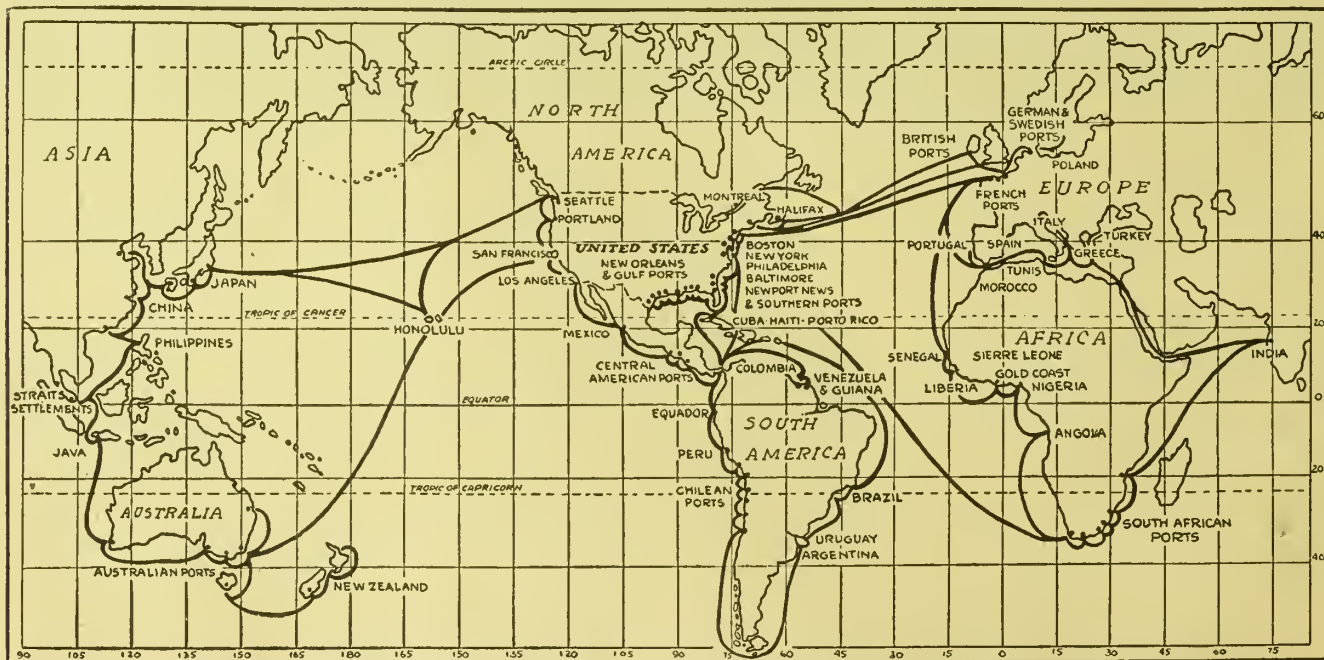
Then it began to slump. Whatever may have been the international plus legislative handicap on our shipping business, the true cause was that we had turned our eyes from the seaboard to the prairies. It no longer seemed worth while to rebuild the shipping destroyed by Confederate privateers. Our development had been up to this time along the coast and waterways. With the extension of our railroads, following the war, the richest empire in the world was opened to our hands. We had not money enough or men enough to expand in two directions. We had our choice between the mines and ranches of the West and going down to the sea in ships. We went West.

The Western development is now taking—has taken—a different trend. Almost all of the good land has been snatched up. What is left costs more money to subdue. Each year our manufactures are increasing. The day is rapidly approaching when to make sure of continued prosperity we must market a larger portion of our manufactured goods abroad. Dr. Julius Klein, director of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, put this fact before me in a dramatic fashion.

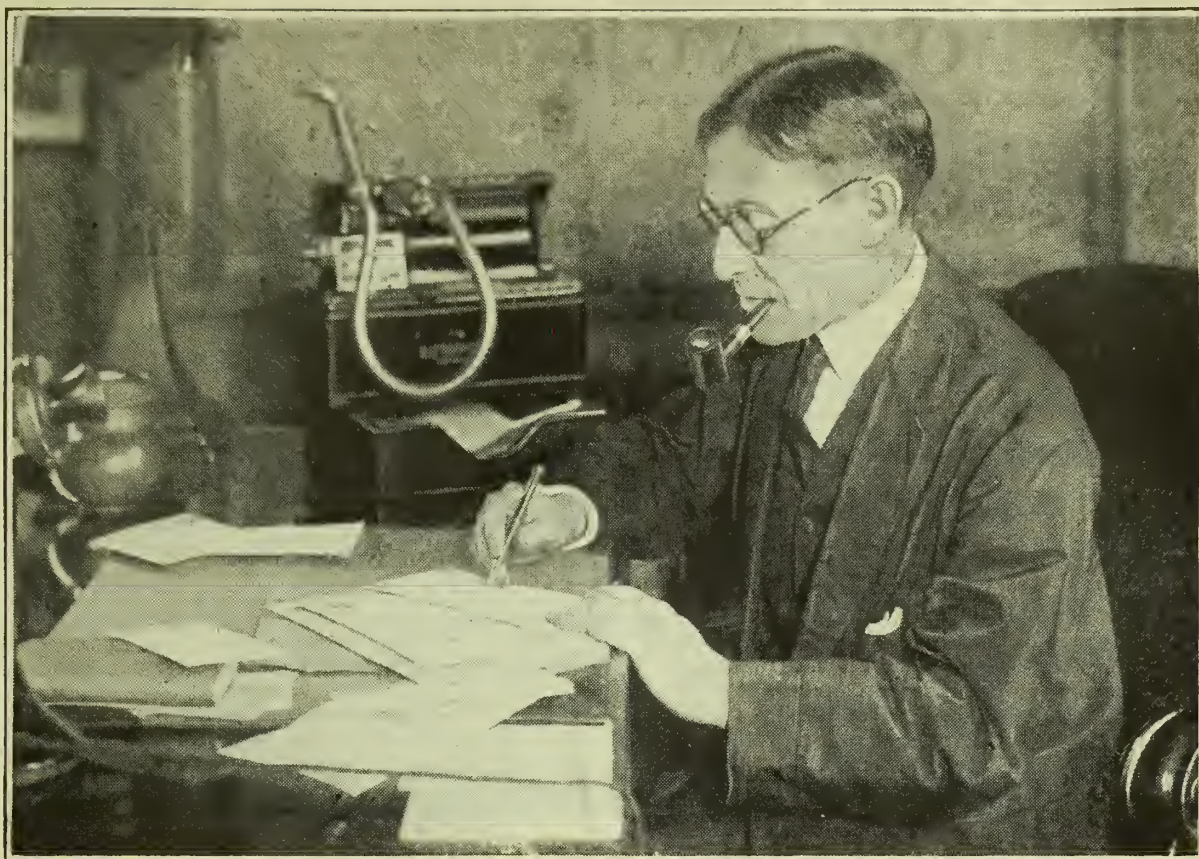
"Today," said he, "we consume eighty-five percent of our manufactured product at home. If we are forced to consume the remaining fifteen percent—the needed fifteen percent—we will have indigestion. Overproduction means that wages must go down, factories close, mortgages foreclosed. Hard times. But if we sell that fifteen percent abroad our workmen will be employed at good wages. No idleness, no bread lines, no soup houses. Good times."

A little machine-tool factory in a Western city may be taken as an illustration. It has been running along in disregard of economic conditions at

(Continued on page 28)



Already American vessels are spanning the world. The black lines on the map indicate the routes being followed today by our seacraft. When the remainder are at work there will be few spots on the globe where Old Glory will be unfamiliar



Newton D. Baker, wartime Secretary of War, photographed recently at his desk in Cleveland, where he is again engaged in the practise of law

IN these articles we have said time and again that most war contractors served their Government honorably and well, though usually very profitably to themselves. Evidence of suspicious circumstances suggestive of actual dishonesty have not been plentiful when one considers that there were 500,000 war contracts and that a great many million persons of high and low degree engaged in the execution of those contracts. The industrial army was greatly superior in force to the combat army. Three million workmen toiled in the shops that manufactured ordnance alone.

Yet there is a multitude of evidence that contractors have been grossly overpaid and have been able to gouge the treasury for millions that they never should have had and should now be obliged to return. Several millions already have been recovered and more will be recovered—much more if the War Department and the Department of Justice can be persuaded to continue the fine work which, we regret, they seemed so reluctant to undertake.

Incidents have been disclosed where contractors or their agents have been guilty of actual graft or fraud. One investigator for the Department of Justice wrote in a confidential report that "the Government has been boldly and openly robbed." But such cases were few, comparatively. The average contractor was eager to land war contracts, and expensive lobbies were maintained in Washington for that purpose. The average contractor wanted war contracts because he wanted the hand-

The Profiteer Hunt

By Marquis James

some dividends that went with them. No fraud or double-dealing or thought of it was necessary to assure a return of liberal—and often far too liberal—profits.

So when we say most contractors served the Government honorably and well—which they did—we do not imply that they were not generously rewarded for that service, because they were. Therefore, there is a limit to the enthusiasm we are prepared to generate for the benefit of these servants of an embattled country.

But there is another class of contractors which does come in, it seems to us, for a special word. These are the people whose service may be termed over and beyond the call of duty—over and above the rules of commercial gain, which are unjust rules to apply to the conduct of a war. These are the contractors who saw in the war first a chance to serve the nation. Profits were a secondary consideration—and they demonstrated it. You can find plenty of contractors who speak of their service with evident pride, and I

IX. The Other Side of the Shield

am sure that pride is genuine. But when you examine their books and the files of the War Department you do not find many cases where this contractor or that one asked to have his contracts changed because his profits were too large. But you will find plenty of contractors who sought to have their contracts changed to make their profits larger.

But there were contractors who had their contracts redrawn in order to reduce profits and who actually refunded to the Government profits already earned. It is the purpose of this article to cite a few such examples, and we will begin with the Yale & Towne Manufacturing Company, lock makers, of Stamford, Connecticut.

When we entered the war Walter C. Allen, president of the Yale & Towne company, resigned and entered the Army. He became a lieutenant-colonel, Air Service, and was in France sixteen months. The Yale & Towne Manufacturing Company got into the war before its president did, however. Three weeks before war was declared in April, 1917, but when the Army was already feverishly preparing, this firm was asked to submit bids on 4,000 hand fuse setters, an intricate bit of mechanism for large shells. The company submitted a bid of \$68.95 each and was awarded the contract. A year later it obtained another contract to make 5,700 additional fuse setters at a fixed price of \$64.39 each. The total of these contracts represented a payment by the

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EDITORIAL



For God and Country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to Constitution of The American Legion

Irreconcilables

THE American Legion has always taken the stand that there is no essential difference between a war criminal and any other criminal. Having committed a crime against the security of our national Government in time of war, a man has demonstrated that he is a menace to our security at any time, because the conditions which brought about the war cannot, unhappily, be forever removed. Certain men who obstructed America's conduct of the World War and were justly jailed on that account are now the object of maudlin sympathy from men and women, largely organized, who fear that constitutional liberties have been invaded by their continued imprisonment. Judge Alton B. Parker, a former candidate for President of the United States, has been investigating the constitutional aspects of these cases for the National Civic Federation. One paragraph of a statement to President Harding by Judge Parker is enlightening:

I am confident that if the American people realized that the reason for the present imprisonment of the majority of these men is that they refuse to surrender their intention to undermine and destroy the peace and order of the community, you would not longer be importuned in the interest of their unconditional pardon.

Serving the Flag

YOU have witnessed the ceremony of lowering the flag from its staff over an army post. Troops stand at present arms, and the colors descend to the notes of Retreat or the boom of the evening gun. When its folds float head-high a non-commissioned officer of the guard leaps and grasps them. He holds them taut from the staff while the other end is made free from the halyard. The work proceeds with precision—for the flag must not touch the ground.

The flag is a symbol of devotion to an ideal. This means much; and that is why troops salute and civilians uncover when the flag passes by.

In time of war the flag is the nation's lode-star. It leads young men to the camps, to the fleet and to battle. It leads others to the office, the factory and the shop to provide for the needs of the fighting forces. The soldier on his belly on a field of fire, the workman at his bench in a factory, the executive at his desk in an office—alike they serve the flag, the symbol of a nation challenged.

Alike they serve the flag, but ah, the disparity which marks the rewards for that service!

The rifle is still the prime weapon of modern battle. The soldier who is sent out to meet the enemy with only his rifle to safeguard his life and that particle of the national honor which is entrusted to him to defend—that soldier is paid one dollar a day for his services. Perhaps he is paid too much. Perhaps the necessity of his service is beyond all contemplation of price, and he should be required to serve without any compensation whatsoever. We shall, however, accept the situation as it is and turn to the workman at home who fabricated that rifle. He, too, serves the flag, and his service is as indispensable as that

of the soldier. His service commands a reward of twelve dollars a day, and is attended by an absence of discomforts and dangers which are the soldier's fare. Passing on to the executive, the owner of the factory in which the worker works—he, too, serves the flag which flies from many staffs atop his humming shops. He, too, is paid for that service. His pay is twelve thousand dollars a day.

The justice of this condition is somewhat obscure. We are able to concede substance to the argument that service of the flag is a service which is above and beyond price, and that any attempt to impose a price, meaning value given for value received, on such service is to attempt to measure the infinite, to price the priceless. The dollar a day a soldier or sailor got was called "nominal compensation"—a symbol, a token, no more intended to represent the commercial worth of his service than does the number of grains of gold in its composition represent the worth of a Congressional Medal of honor.

In the past war labor and capital lustily proclaimed the patriotic character of their service; and they spoke the truth. Yet loud as these proclamations were, they did not suffice to drown the metallic din of the profits that ceaselessly clinked into their strong-boxes in return for that service. They claimed and were paid not nominal but abnormal compensation; and frequently, we believe, extortionate and unlawful compensation.

Inasmuch as all serve the flag in time of war, all should be remunerated for that service by the same standard of values. This can be accomplished either by paying those of the fighting estate more or those of the other two estates less. Since the tax-payers foot the bill in the long run, we believe the best solution will be to pay labor and capital less.

To this end The American Legion recommends the enactment by the Congress of legislation providing for a universal draft. The Weekly's main object in writing about the profiteer hunt is to establish the need of such legislation, fixing an equal standard of remuneration for all who in time of war shall serve the flag.

Home Economics

THE profiteer worships twin idols, supply and demand.

When sugar rose above ten cents a pound in anticipation of the canning season and women's organizations over the country agreed to cut down consumption, the profiteer entered his shocked protest. The sacred cows of economics were being stoned, and the pirates of the saccharine trade rallied with cutlasses to save the beasts.

As this is written, however, the sugar strike is apparently succeeding. There have been a series of slight reductions, and certain arrogant brokerage barons who filled their warehouses and locked the doors to assist in the creation of a shortage are wondering where they stand.

The average woman admits she doesn't know much about the algebra and geometry of economics, but she has an idea that supply and demand are not so sacred and unalterable as they are pictured. The speculators may say they obey unchangeable natural laws, like the tide of the ocean. The housewife, however, thinks they are sometimes governed by artificial influences, like loaded dice. And in her simple way, she is now trying to counteract an artificial shortage in supply by creating an artificial shortage in demand. She is playing her unbaked pies against the broker's unsold barrels. And if she wins, perhaps she will have taught us all a lesson.



To etiquette enthusiasts we hasten to state that R.S.V.P. on the bottom of an invitation to a dance is not, as might be imagined nowadays, the name of the radio station furnishing the music.

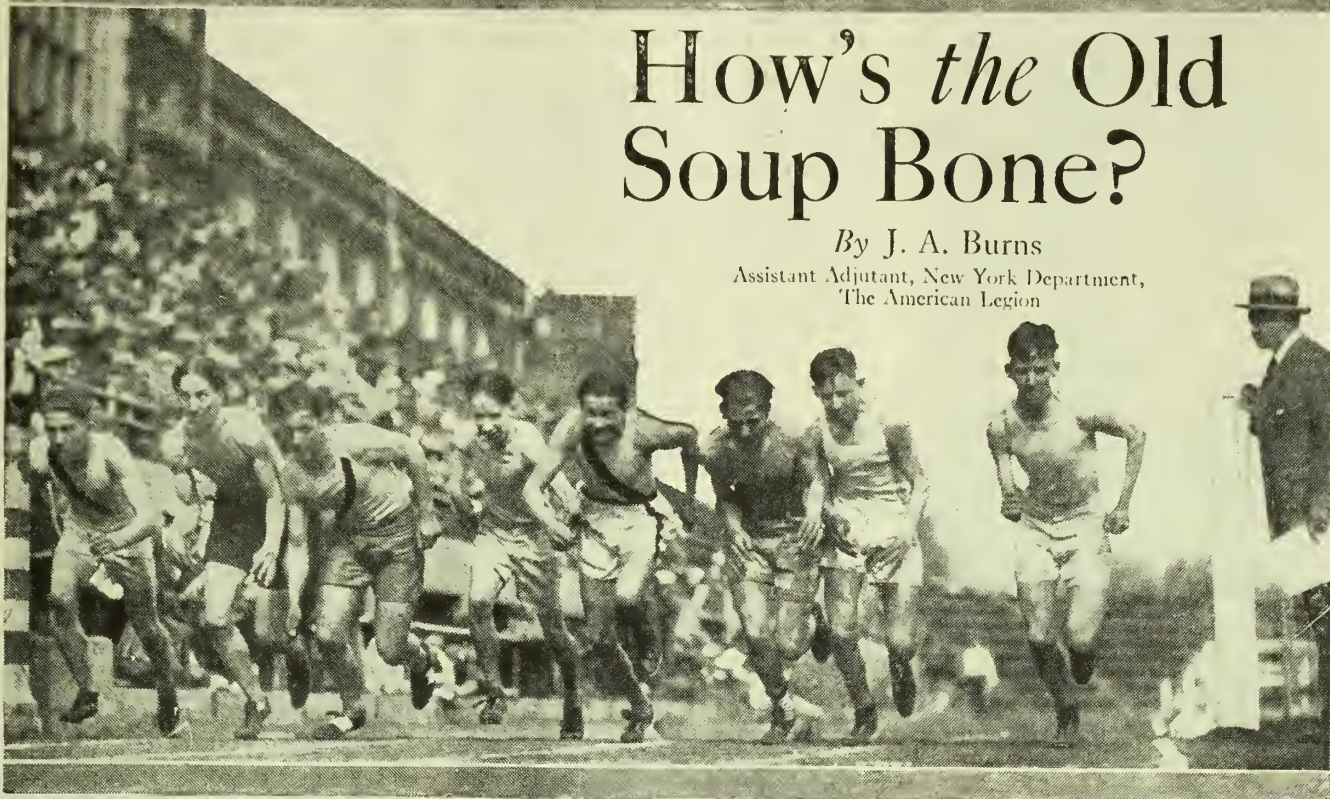


So much prominence has been given to our "gentleman's agreement" with Japan that the fact that we have one with China is likely to be overlooked. We refer, of course, to the "no tickee, no shirtee" rule.

How's *the* Old Soup Bone?

By J. A. Burns

Assistant Adjutant, New York Department,
The American Legion



Start of the interscholastic quarter-mile run in the track meet put on this spring by the Legion Department of the District of Columbia

Lives there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said:
"The arm is gone, but I've got the head."

NO, there never was such a bird, at least in Legion ranks. When the merry springtime rolls around and the kids abandon marbles for baseball gloves, every man who is able to hobble and who lives within walking distance of so much as a vacant lot begins to wonder why he shouldn't play a little at the old game.

"I'm thirty, he argues. (Still, Ty Cobb plays ball at thirty-seven.) It's a pretty violent game. (Well, it doesn't have to be violent. A fellow can use his noodle—take 'em easy in the field and on the bags.) My eyes aren't as good as they used to be. (Oh, I don't know. Only wear glasses when I read. I'm a natural hitter, anyway.)

Which way the argument goes makes little difference. It is from such optimists as this that Legion athletics spring.

This summer will see post and county sports in full bloom. The stimulus of three years of organization, publicity, inter-state contests and the like will result in a grand crop of post ball teams, tennis teams, swimming teams, and trap (not crap) shooters. Things should be lively, and if finals can be arranged for at San Francisco, then the Fifth National Convention will be of big-league caliber. But that's beside the point. The value of Legion athletics lies not in three days of spectacular events once a year, but in the Saturday afternoon inter-post seven inning ball game. The post team is the thing.

But there must be organization, or even that daring soul who fancies himself, clerical and thirty-five, as a four-hundred hitter, would fade. Certain

conclusions resulting from the experiences of many Legion departments are available, and from these the following high points on post athletics stand out:

1. Let the post have an athletic committee, appointed by the commander. Workers, of course. One man a sport writer, or just plain newspaperman. Another, a well-known athlete. The third, an enthusiast who may or may not know anything about athletics.

2. Let the committee plan events, arrange for prizes, lay down rules, but take no steps without the full approval and interest of all members.

3. Don't force things. Foster sports that are already popular. Concentrate on one or two lines—tennis and baseball, say. Don't be too ambitious.

4. Don't try to develop champions. Get everybody out. Don't discourage the dubs.

5. Limit participation to Legion members. There are arguments for and against this rule, but experience seems to show that there is less hard feeling and more enthusiasm of the right sort if events are kept strictly Legion in character.

6. Have small entrance and admission fees. Keep them small but have them. There must be some money.

7. Devote time and effort to supervising the athletics of the youngsters. More of this later—it is important.

These rules should take care of the post. They put someone definitely in charge of post athletics, lay out the groundwork and make the post a part of the whole national organization.

In the county organization another committee will be necessary, to arrange inter-post events and supervise things generally. Again, let us stress the necessity of avoiding over-organization. Sports are spontaneous. Keep rules and regulations at a minimum.

If the State is districted, there should be district athletic officers, appointed by the department commander, and making a department athletic commit-

tee. All these officers should get together several times a year to establish rules, arrange for meets, and attend to related details.

That's the organization, loose enough and strong enough. Of course, each department may want to work with neighboring States to plan championship events and all may get together in the games at national conventions.

But, again, the post is the thing. The value of athletics to the Legion and to the Legionnaire lies not in silver cups and medals, but in a raised standard of health and consequent personal efficiency. Recall that six years ago, when several million men were examined for service, one-fourth were found to be physically unfit. Of those accepted, a big proportion of us were over-weight, or under-weight, or short-winded, or sore-footed. It took several months of army or navy routine to make us fully alert physically. We swore we never again would let ourselves slip, and we who swore it persisted in our setting-up exercises probably only a week after we got out of uniform.

So, the point in post athletics is to awaken among the greatest number of members a renewed interest in physical well-being. Never again will we take hikes under heavy packs, or spend half hours daily at setting up, or be able, in the majority of cases, to live our working days in the open air. But we can make the most of what opportunity offers. We can seize every chance to get into the air and sunlight, take moderate exercises, do something to remind ourselves that we still have muscles.

Post athletics should get everyone into the game. The average member must pitch in, dub or not, and not merely watch the stars perform. The

champions should be encouraged, of course, by all means.

And is that all? By no means. The Legion exists to keep alive and hand down certain principles the value of which its members have learned. One of these is the necessity for physical well-being. Shall this knowledge be kept to ourselves? No; the Legion post must foster and encourage athletics among the children.

We won't be active athletes ourselves so very much longer. Come right down to it, we aren't so young as we used to be. It has been six years, remember, since the medico laid the stethoscope aside and said: "You'll do. Next!" Two years of fighting took something out of us, and four years of civilian struggle a little more. Our average age is thirty. We aren't decrepit yet, far from it. We aren't old timers yet—no one better try to tell us we are. But, to face things frankly, we are past the age of athletic supremacy. Were we mitt artists, or professional ballplayers, the fans would call us ancient. On track or gridiron we should be hopeless.

So we must prepare to forget ourselves and take hold to help the youngsters. The post committee can work with the schools, with the amateur athletic associations and Boy Scout troops. The state organization can work for legislation demanding gymnasiums, use of armories for school children, instruction in hygiene. Laws are not cures for

all the ills that flesh is heir to, but Legion men can subscribe to legislation that puts health within the reach of every youngster.

But aside from laws, Legion men should take part as leaders in community sports. Suppose there are no playgrounds in the town—the local Legion men should first work to provide them and second, while they are being provided, they should get the youngsters together somewhere, even if it be only in an alley, to get them started.

How about Legion men volunteering to take classes in physical training at schools? No trick at all. Remember how you got away with it when you were called on to give a platoon setting-up exercises? Think of the prestige Legion men have among kids. That's a big help.

Or how about the local post putting on a track meet for school youngsters under twelve years old? Prizes to be donated by local merchants; not valuable prizes, but many small ones. A plenitude of separate events. Eliminations. Trial heats.

Or, to go further, a Legion post, or group of posts, running amateur athletics in the entire community? Here is the way it was done in one town:

A post committee made a preliminary survey. It found that the Legion could do most good for the youngsters between eight and sixteen. The post resolved to confine its efforts to this group

after the committee had reported.

There were existing agencies watching the physical education of these youngsters, so the Legion men determined to offer themselves wherever their help was needed. They found that this was on playgrounds, at grade and high schools, public and private, and at vacation camps.

The committee kept reporting back to the post and calling for volunteers as the campaign, if you could call it that, progressed. First there developed a need for physical instructors at schools, then for game leaders at playgrounds. These latter were hard to find until a group of post members studied the instructions and reported ready. Then there was a call for lecturers in hygiene, and again a group of Legionnaires responded after they had read up on the subject. As a matter of fact, the special committee acted as clearing house between community athletic needs for the children and the post—acted, indeed, as a sort of employment agency.

The records do not show whether any champions have been or will be developed in this particular town. Perhaps some future big leaguer can trace his first encouragement to the town-lot games of that day. But the main point is that this particular Legion post made the children of this particular town realize that it was their heritage to have a normal physique, good health and the qualities of alertness, accuracy and team-play; that it was their duty to develop right habits of eating, sleeping, rest, exercise, clothing — and thought.

But accomplishment speaks louder than anything else, and the Legion already is on the road to accomplishment in this aim to be the Nation's premier organization in the promotion of athletics. A good example of what can be done was offered by the track meet held at Washington, D.C., last April, the third annual track meet of the Legion department in the district. It was the department's demonstration of its plan for the promotion of strong and helpful citizenship, and was a challenge to other Legion departments to go and do likewise. Five hundred boys and girls and men competed in the Central High School stadium.

Over 50 events were successfully run off.

Stars may come and stars may go. But the rising generation comes on. Commander John Lewis Smith of the District of Columbia Department depicts the opportunity which these meets have in mind:

"We are intent on stimulating sports among high school students. We know they must take our places as the years go on."

It is not only in congested urban districts that such a program as the above is essential. War figures showed that the farm and the small village were not the ideal places to produce healthy men; in fact, frequently to the contrary. Many a post in the smaller communities has a great opportunity for real community service in showing the youngsters correct habits of exercise and of living.

The Fourth National Convention put the support of the Legion behind athletics. There is no better way for a post to respond to this indorsement than to teach the citizen of tomorrow how to keep fit.

A Sight-Seeing Trip? Sure, Get Aboard—and What You'll See Is the Legion



The crew of Oak Park's recruiting juggernaut, not to mention the jug itself

ADACHSHUND of the motor world was used as a recruiting station by Oak Park (Illinois) Post of the Legion in a campaign which raised the post's membership from 200 to 525. Mornings and evenings, as busy commuters hurried to and from Chicago, they sighted the elongated motor bus bearing the recruiting banner shown in the photograph. Members of the post's Auxiliary unit helped make the campaign effective by sitting in the bus and explaining to curious passersby what it was all about. Of course all sorts of rumors started. Some people thought the bus was making sight-seeing trips. Others thought it the advertising stunt of a motor-car manufacturer. As each inquirer satisfied

his curiosity, the name of Oak Park Post became more widely known. Service men not Legionnaires became aware that they were on the outside and missing something. "Why aren't you a member?" was the question they were called upon to answer by friends who saw the bus. "Hadh't thought much about it, but now I'm going in," many of them replied. And they did.

In the membership campaign the post conducted a house-to-house canvass also. The town was divided into thirty-one precincts. A captain was appointed in each precinct. Each captain chose his committee to visit the homes in his territory. Almost every doorbell in the village was rung by the men with the membership application blanks.

Got Your D. S. C. Yet? Then You're 'Too Late Unless You Start a New War

WASHINGTON, May 28th. **T**HE last echo of the great guns that brought the dawn up like thunder out of the Argonne has whispered its adieu. Just yesterday that echo, though faint, though far, could translate itself into the ringing accolade:

"For extraordinary heroism in action. . . . Private John Smith . . . advancing voluntarily and alone . . ."

Yesterday, but not today. The War Department board in whose hands lay the sole power of drafting authentic citations for valor in battle has adjourned its sittings and disbanded. The moving finger has written all there is to write. The Book of Heroes is finished and closed, and through its concluded pages lines of silent type like phantom doughboys march to pantomime the completed journey of those to whom the war revealed the paths of greater glory.

The final awards of decorations for the Army were determined here in Washington on April 7th when the War Department World War Decorations Board ceased to exist. Only a few cases of recommendations for honors for deeds of previous wars are still under consideration. The navy board which passed on decorations awarded by that service was dissolved in June of 1920. Nothing but a special act of Congress can reopen the lists thus closed. This is unlikely unless there is another war.

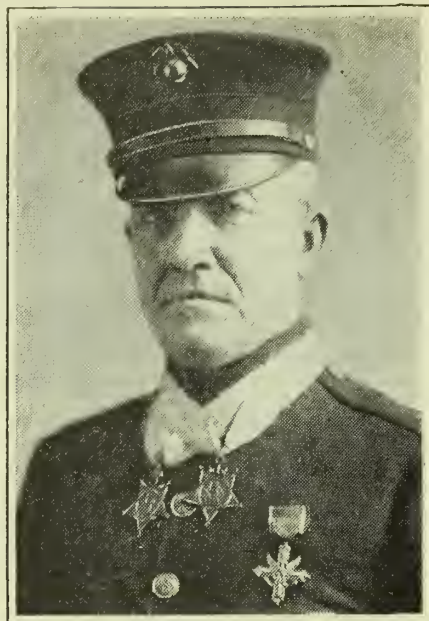
Nine thousand seven hundred and sixty-eight military and naval decorations were conferred by the United

States for feats of valor and exceptional service during the war. These comprise 105 awards of the Congressional Medal of Honor, 95 of which were given by the Army and ten by the Navy; 5,957 of the Distinguished Service Cross (Army), 1,878 of the Distinguished Service Medal (Army), 1,507 of the Navy Cross and 321 of the Distinguished Service Medal (Navy). Of these awards 8,788 were made to Americans and 980 to foreigners, including Medals of Honor to the Unknown Soldiers of Great Britain, France, Belgium and Italy. The foregoing figures do not include 106 awards of the oak-leaf cluster to the D. S. C., signifying more than one act sufficient to justify the award of a Distinguished Service Cross, nor do they include about 27,000 Army citations for bravery which entitle the holders to wear a silver star on their Victory Medal, or 650 letters of commendation by the Navy.

Separate legislation created the Army and Navy awards for the World War, and the regulations under which the medals were bestowed by the separate services differed in some particulars. No naval medals were awarded until after the Armistice and awards were completed just three years ago. The Army began the distribution of decorations immediately after the creation of the D. S. C. and D. S. M. by law in July of 1918. Originally the law forbade awards after April 7, 1922, but so many recommendations that had not been acted upon at that time were in the War Department files that the time limit was extended one year. A board of seven officers headed by Brigadier-General H. H. Bandholtz worked up to the last day of the allotted time and considered approximately 20,000 additional recommendations.

Most careful study was given each case. Every detail of accounts of deeds of valor was checked and rechecked on the certified testimony of eye-witnesses. Ofttimes the board went to great lengths to assemble such evidence, and no decoration was awarded except on the corroborated testimony of persons, usually several persons, who actually saw the feat performed. In addition to these drastic requirements consideration was given such factors as the character of the terrain, of hostile observation and of enemy fire, the proximity of the enemy, visibility, time of day, atmospheric conditions and morale both of our forces and of the enemy.

The imposition of these safeguards has put our decorations on a high plane indeed. The Medal of Honor is ranked with the Victoria Cross of the British Empire, which hitherto had been regarded by international experts as the most precious symbol of valor in the world. The V. C. was established in 1856, during the Crimean War, and notwithstanding that British troops have been engaged in warfare in some part of the world practically continuously since that time, only 1,100 of these crosses have been awarded. During the four and one-half years of the World War, in which more than 7,000,000 British troops were engaged on land and sea all over the globe, only 576 men gained the V. C., most of whom were dead when the honor was bestowed.



Sergeant Daniel Daly, U. S. M. C., won two Congressional Medals of Honor before the World War and then topped off his military career with a D. S. C. earned at Belleau Wood at the age of forty-six

During the additional year's grace which made possible a more mature consideration of our awards 686 decorations were conferred, and deeds of heroism and of exceptional service in non-combatant duties of great importance were uncovered which rank with great feats which became epic during the progress of the fighting. In that year ten Medals of Honor were given, 264 D.S.C.'s and 412 D.S.M.'s—also eight oak leaf clusters to D.S.C. holders and 330 silver-star citations.

Of the 91 Medals of Honor and 5,796 Distinguished Service Crosses conferred upon United States troops, 86 of the former and 5,401 of the latter went to the combat divisions, which also received 310 of the 1,329 D.S.M.'s given to Americans. The D.S.M. is not primarily a recognition of heroism, though the feats for which it was awarded sometimes entailed personal bravery. In the first instance, however, it is a recognition of meritorious service in positions of great responsibility.

The Second Division, which heads the casualty list, leads also in decorations. Its men received seven Medals of Honor, 704 D.S.C.'s, 12 oak-leaf clusters, and 23 D.S.M.'s. The Third Division is third with two awards of the Medal of Honor, 448 D.S.C.'s, with two clusters and 17 D.S.M.'s. Twelve Medals of Honor were bestowed on veterans of the Thirtieth Division, also 316 D.S.C.'s and 13 D.S.M.'s. The Twenty-sixth Division got two Medals of Honor, 310 awards of the D.S.C., six clusters and 11 D.S.M.'s. The Eighty-ninth Division received nine Medals of Honor, 147 D.S.C.'s, one cluster and ten D.S.M.'s. The Eighteenth Division did not get to France but it is credited with one D.S.C., conferred on First Lieutenant Oliver W. Fannin, 35th Infantry, "for extraordinary heroism in an engagement with hostile Mexicans at Nogales, Arizona, August 27, 1918, while commanding the guard." A D.S.M. was won for the



"His acts of bravery seem almost beyond belief," reports General Bullard of former Private Daniel R. Edwards, who lost an arm and a leg winning the Congressional Medal of Honor. He is now a student at Columbia University

Tenth, another home division, by a medical officer for work during the influenza epidemic. The Air Service won three Medals of Honor, 246 D.S.C.'s, and 53 oak leaf clusters.

The most conspicuous example of belated official recognition of a great war hero is the case of Daniel R. Edwards, former private, 3rd Machine Gun Battalion, First Division. The last Medal of Honor awarded was for Edwards, who at the same time received a D.S.C. and two citations entitling him to as many silver stars in his Victory ribbon. With only two exceptions Edwards is the only man who wears both the Medal of Honor and the D.S.C., and he is the only living man who won both in the World War.

"He has the most courageous heart I have ever seen in a man," said Major-General Robert Lee Bullard, who decorated Edwards. "His acts of bravery seem almost beyond belief, and yet they are nearly equalled by the spirit with which, in his crippled condition, he has faced civil life."

IT seems almost impossible that such feats as those of Edwards should have been overlooked so long. He received the D.S.C. for bravery at Cantigny in May of 1918. He was bayoneted at his gun early in the fight, but remained at his post keeping up a steady fire which enabled the Infantry to advance. He then repulsed two attempts at counter-attack and again was severely wounded. He dressed his own wounds and continued to operate his machine gun throughout the day, refusing to be evacuated until his company was relieved.

Private Edwards rejoined his company on the eve of the assault south of Soissons in July, and on the opening day of the battle won the Medal of Honor "for conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity over and beyond the call of duty." In the advance Edwards' right arm was torn off by a direct hit from an enemy shell. Taking a pistol in his left hand he leaped into an enemy trench, slew four Germans and captured four. A moment later a shell killed one of the prisoners and took off one of Edwards' legs. "The bravery of Private Edwards," concludes the citation, "now a tradition in his battalion, again caused the morale of his comrades to be raised to a high pitch."

Edwards enlisted in Bruceville, Texas, on the day war was declared. He is now completing a course in journalism at Columbia University, New York City. He is a leader of student activities and has done much for the advancement of his disabled comrades in training at the university. He has been of great service to the Government in the solution of problems affecting the vocational rehabilitation of disabled men. He is married and an active member of The American Legion.

I believe it to be a task beyond the scope of any man to attempt to select the "first hero" of the war, or even the "most decorated" man; but I should like to advance Private Edwards for consideration along with a few other noteworthy heroes. It is scarcely possible to say just who the "most decorated" American is. You run into refinements where anything but arbitrary distinctions are impossible. Only one Medal of Honor, D.S.C. or D.S.M. is now

awarded to an individual. For additional feats warranting such an award an oak-leaf cluster is given. There are four persons living who have two Medals of Honor, but they were awarded prior to the World War. No oak-leaf clusters for Medals of Honor or D.S.M.'s were given, but Captain Edward V. Rickenbacker, Air Service, won the D.S.C. eight times. This means that he has a medal with seven oak-leaf clusters. Others with more than one cluster on their D.S.C. ribbon are:

1st Lieut. F. O. D. Hunter, Air Service.	4
1st Lieut. Douglas Campbell, Air Service	4
1st Lieut. Reed M. Chambers, Air Service	3
Col. John Henry Parker, 102nd Inf...	3
1st Lieut. M. K. Guthrie, Air Service...	2
1st Lieut. R. A. O'Neill, Air Service...	2
2d Lieut. G. A. Preston, Field Artillery.	2

The possessors of two Medals of Honor are evenly divided between the Army and Navy. They are Colonel T. W. Custer, a retired Regular, who was decorated in the Civil War and the Indian campaigns; Sergeant Henry Hogan, a retired Indian campaign veteran; Brigadier-General Smedley D. Butler, Marines, decorated at Vera Cruz in 1914 and in Haiti in 1915, and First Sergeant Daniel Daly, Marines, decorated at Pekin, China, in 1900 and in Haiti in 1915. Of these only General Butler is on active duty. In April of this year a fifth holder of two Medals of Honor died at the age of 81. He was Brigadier-General Frank D. Baldwin, retired. He won his first award in the Civil War and his second in the Indian campaigns.

SERGEANT DALY shares with Private Edwards and the Unknown Soldier buried at Arlington the distinction of wearing both the Medal of Honor and the D.S.C. Daly also has the Navy Cross, which compares with the Army D.S.C. For a record of sustained heroism Daly's achievements are probably unsurpassed in our annals of living soldiers. That record extends over a period of nineteen years. Daly enlisted in 1899 and was 45 years old when with his two Medals of Honor he went to France in 1917, commanding a platoon of the 73rd Company, 6th Marines. One of his numerous citations describes him as "a peerless soldier of the old school." I can't improve on that. Sergeant Daly was seriously wounded and incapacitated for further fighting at Soissons in July of 1918, but in the six weeks during which he was actively engaged he was cited eight times and five times decorated, by the American and foreign governments. His citation for the Navy Cross reads:

Sergeant Daly repeatedly performed deeds of heroism and great service on June 5, 1918 (at Belleau Wood). At the risk of his life he extinguished a fire in an ammunition dump at Lucy-le-Bocage. On June 7, while his position was under violent bombardment, he visited all of the gun crews of his company, then posted over a wide portion of the front, to cheer his men. On June 10 he attacked an enemy machine-gun emplacement unassisted and captured it by the use of hand grenades and his pistol. On the same day during the German attack on Bouresches he brought in wounded under fire.

Officers at Marine Corps headquarters in Washington give an amplifica-

tion of the clause which concerns Sergeant Daly's visit to the hard-pressed gun crews "to cheer his men."

"Hang on, you men," he is said to have told them. "Who wants to live forever?"

That is it, substantially—but a trifle expurgated.

They made Daly a top sergeant after the war and a year ago, while not retired, he was transferred to inactive duty. He lives with his aged mother and gardens a bit at Middle Village, Long Island, New York, and dreams, no doubt, of great yesterdays.

SEVERAL men who have been conspicuous in the affairs of the Legion are among others who have been lately honored. Past National Commanders Milton J. Foreman and John G. Emery received the Distinguished Service Cross. Mr. Foreman's citation recounts that while he was in command of the 122d Field Artillery the infantry advance was held up by machine-gun fire that could not be located. Colonel Foreman crept through an enemy barrage, located the hidden guns and signalled their position to his artillerymen, who quickly destroyed them. Colonel Foreman had previously received the D.S.M. and two silver-star citations. Mr. Emery received the D.S.C. for leading the first battalion of the 18th Infantry in an assault at Hill 240, near Exermont, October 9, 1918, in which attack he was severely wounded. Mr. Emery likewise had two previous citations.

Charles C. Chambers, former major, 135th Machine Gun Battalion, who was chairman of the Second National Convention Committee at Cleveland in 1920, is given the D.S.C. for rallying disorganized units and leading them to the attack. Lee F. Gilstrap, of Stillwater, Oklahoma, vice-commander of the Oklahoma department, receives the D.S.C. for carrying messages under heavy fire. Gilstrap was a bugler in the 142d Infantry, in which National Commander Alvin Owsley was a battalion commander. Among those who received Distinguished Service Medals are L. R. Gignilliat, past commander, Indiana department of the Legion, former colonel and G-2 of the 84th Division; Bernard A. Flood of the New York City detective bureau, former major, Division of Criminal Investigation, Provost Marshal General's office, A. E. F.; Luke Lea, Nashville, Tennessee, former United States Senator and one of the organizers of the Legion, commander, 114th Field Artillery; Francis A. Drake, past commander, Department of Continental Europe, former colonel, for services in office of general purchasing agent, A. E. F.

And these are really just a few of them. The fresh researches of the decorations board, which continued until contravened by law last April, seemed to bring the war back within fair reckoning distance. You might sit there with General Bandholtz and his colleagues of the board and almost catch yourself listening for the sound of the guns.

M. J.

The official citations awarding the ten Congressional Medals of Honor recently conferred on World War veterans, with a table of all of the medals awarded by the Government during the war, will appear in the next issue.



Who's Who *among* Department Commanders

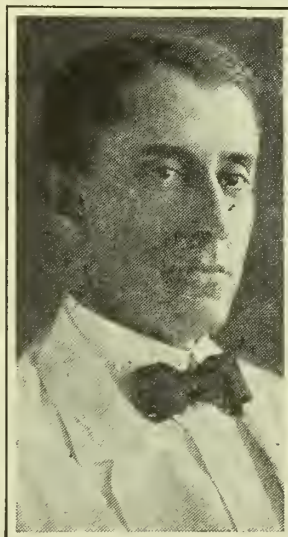


PHILIP L. RICE is commander of the Legion's outpost Department of Hawaii. He was born in 1886, before the ukulele became famous and before the United States realized fully that it had a destiny in the Pacific. Mr. Rice was educated in Hawaii and in the States. He was practicing law at Kauai when America entered the World War and he immediately entered the first R. O. T. C. at Schofield Barracks, Hawaii, from which he was graduated as a first lieutenant of infantry. After serving in Hawaii he was ordered to Camp Kearney, California, where he became a captain in the 47th Machine Gun Battalion, 16th Division. After his discharge Mr. Rice resumed the practice of law in Hawaii. He helped organize Honolulu Post No. 1 of The American Legion and later Kauai Post No. 2, which he commanded in 1920. He was elected department commander last September.



SETH MILLINGTON, JR., commander of the Department of California, is a native Californian and a lawyer who is so busy getting ready for next autumn's national convention that he's short on biography. It's down in the record that he served a year in France, that he rose from private of infantry through all intervening grades to first lieutenant of infantry and was discharged as captain in the Reserve Corps in July, 1919. Further, deponent sayeth not. Mr. Millington was elected department commander at the convention in San Jose last autumn. He practices law at Colusa, California.

MICHEL PROVOSTY, commander of the Department of Louisiana, was born in 1889. He received his bachelor's degree in law from Tulane University at New Orleans in 1912. In 1917 Mr. Provosty resigned as president of the Tulane Alumni Association to enter the Army. After being graduated from the Leon Springs Training Camp as first lieutenant, Field Artillery, Mr. Provosty served in the War College at Washington until May, 1918, when he was assigned to duty overseas with headquarters of the 14th Infantry Brigade, continuing in this position throughout the Argonne offensive. Mr. Provosty organized and was first commander of Corporal Thomas A. Gragard Post of New Orleans. He served as member of the National Executive Committee from Louisiana, 1920-1921, and as department vice-commander before his election as the head of his department. He was prominent among the New Orleans Legionnaires who acted as hosts to the Fourth National Convention. Mr. Provosty is professor of municipal law at Loyola Law School and first assistant city attorney of New Orleans.

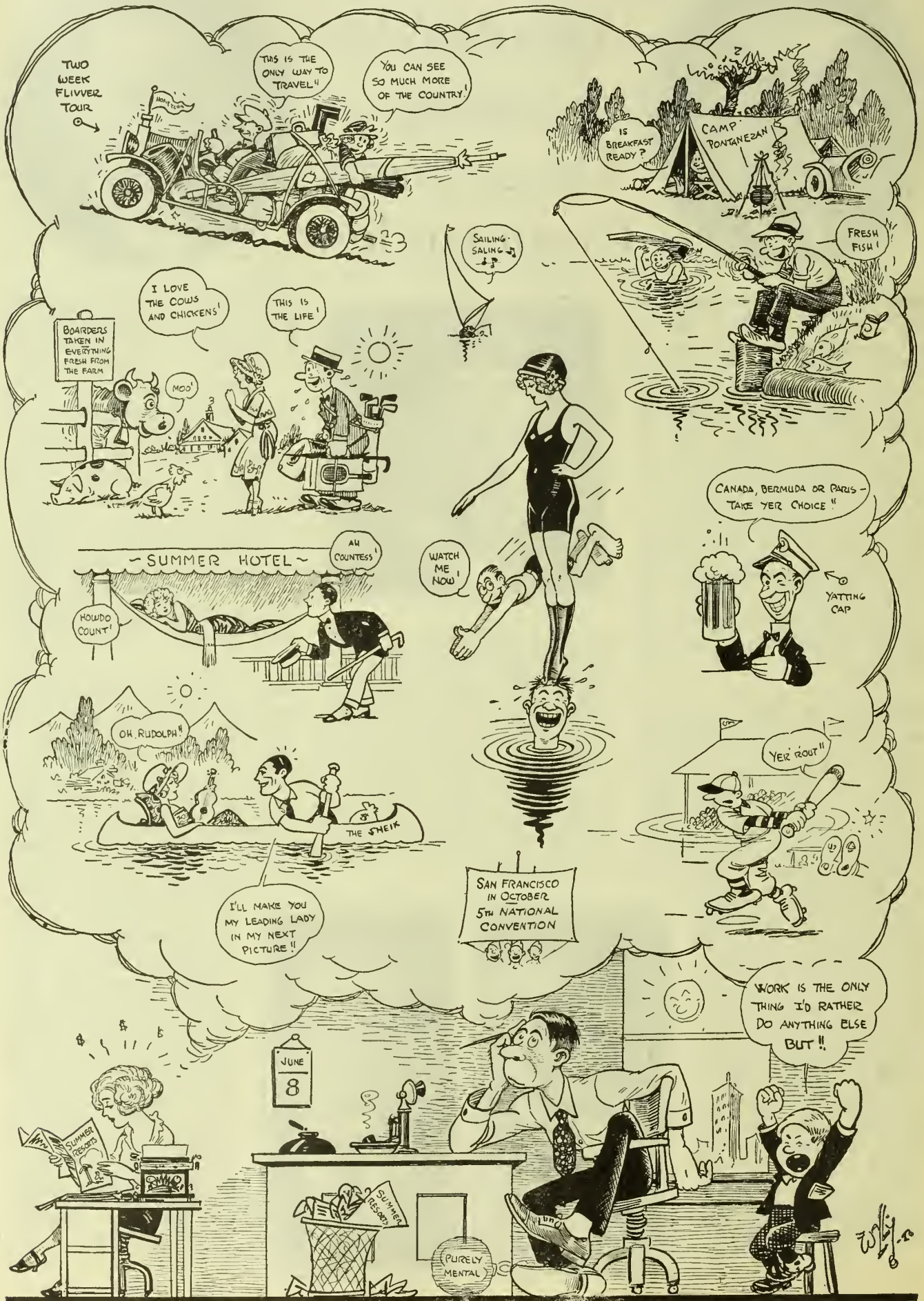


BENJAMIN WARREN BLACK, commander of the Department of Utah, is a physician. Born in Utah, he received his professional education in Philadelphia. He entered the service at San Francisco, served overseas with the 157th Infantry as regimental surgeon and was discharged with the rank of major after twenty-two months in uniform. After his discharge he returned to his home in Utah, where he became first commander of William B. Fowles Post, which he organized. He later became commander of Salt Lake Post No. 2. He is serving his second term as department commander, having been first elected in June, 1921. Dr. Black has served as medical officer with the United States Public Health Service since 1920 and as sub-district manager of the Veterans Bureau at Salt Lake City since the organization of the bureau in August, 1921.

W. C. WILSON, commander of the Department of Kentucky, had worked his way through school and college and found himself a superintendent of schools at the age of thirty when the United States entered the World War. Mr. Wilson stepped from his office into a uniform at the first R.O.T.C. at Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana. He was commissioned in August, 1917, and assigned to the 336th Infantry, 84th Division, at Camp Taylor, Kentucky. Following a year of strenuous training he went overseas with his regiment in September, 1918, and after the Armistice was assigned to the headquarters staff at Camp d'Avours and later to the Personnel Office at Brest. Following his return from overseas and his discharge from the service at Camp Pike, Arkansas, in October, 1919, he entered the insurance business at Lexington, Kentucky. He became a member of Lexington Post of The American Legion soon after leaving the service, and since that time has been a leader in activities of his department in behalf of the disabled and unemployed. He is at present a member of the Kentucky's Ex-service Men's Board and the Seventh District Rehabilitation Committee of the Legion.

Vacation Fever

By Wallgren



BURSTS AND DUDS

Payment is made for material for this department. Unavailable manuscript returned only when accompanied by stamped envelope. Address 627 W. 43d St., New York City

Third or Fourth

"I understand Mrs. Pounds is reducing with some new chinning exercises."
"Is that so? Any particular chin?"

Their Full Title

The chairman of the entertainment committee was acting as master of ceremonies at a social function of a political district, and was busy doing the honors of introduction.

A certain representative was presented in a way to halve his official honors with his wife as "The Honorable and Mrs. Congressman McDooley." Next came a couple who were not known to the master of ceremonies, but after receiving the correct name in a whisper, he announced:

"Mr. and Mrs. Inspector of Plumbing, Steamfitting and Shop Work Callahan."

By Inference

In a western court the magistrate looked severely at the little red-faced man who had been summoned before him and who bore his gaze without flinching.

"So you kicked your landlord downstairs," thundered the court. "Did you imagine that was within the rights of a tenant?"

"I'll bring in my lease and show it to your honor," said the little man. "Then I'll bet that you'll agree with me that anything they've forgotten to prohibit in that lease I had a right to do the very first chance I got, in view of all the increases in my rent."

The Question

The irate customer entered the grocery store.

"Say," he bellowed, "how long have you been in business?"

"Only three years, Mr. Jenks, only three years," the proprietor assured.

"How long was the man you bought this place of in business?"

"I bought it of no one," said the merchant weakly. "I started it."

"Then," shouted the angry customer, producing a sack, "will you tell me where in blazes did you get these eggs?"

Sweet Harmony

Wife: "I only married you because I felt sorry for you."

Hubby: "That makes it unanimous."

No Help Needed

Doctor: "I think I can help your rheumatism."

Sufferer: "Help it nothing! What I want you to do is to injure it."

Team Mates

Joe, for many years gardener for old Mrs. Titefist, became ill and took to his bed. Grudgingly she gave up the money to send a messenger for a doctor.

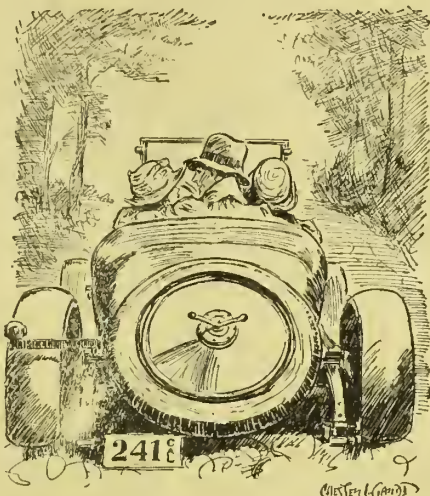
"You seem all right," said the latter, after making an examination. "What ails you?"

"Nothing," replied Joe. "The missus owes me fifty dollars an' I ain't gonna move out of this here bed till she pays me."

"Move over," said the physician, removing his coat. "She owes me a hundred."

Unofficial Medical Guide

BROKEN HEART: Symptoms are an acute melancholia, the absence of a photograph on the wrist watch crystal of the ailing one, an utter disregard of mail call and frequent suicidal tendencies. The patient usually diagnoses his own case to the pill-



Number-plate for a (Very) Chummy Roadster

shooter on duty by telling him he has nothing to live for and is praying for an early death. Long hikes, hard work and extra duty may be prescribed, although the best cure found is self-effected, being the transfer of affections to a new sweetie. This cannot, however, be accomplished through military channels.

Art for Art's Sake

Mrs. Newlygilt (to daughter at reception): "Jane, dear, sing the song the French professor charged fifty dollars an hour to teach you."

Fishin' Time

Get out your fishing tackle
That you laid away last fall.
The days are growing longer
And the trout and muskies call.

So get your patent minnows
And your spinners and your flies,
And, ah! my honest fisherman,
Do not forget your lies.

Practised

"What's the chances of getting a job around here?" asked the man with a service button who had successfully gold-bricked his way through two years in the Army.

"I hate to turn down an ex-soldier, buddy," replied the foreman, "but we haven't got much to do these days."

"Oh, that's all right. You'll find it doesn't take very much to keep me busy."

N-n-no

First Little Girl (lofty and very sophisticated): "Is your mother entertaining this winter?"

Second Little Girl (thoughtfully): "No. Not very."

Inspected

"There ain't no danger of nobody here in Hicksburg gettin' a bomb through the mail," remarked a native of that not-so-thriving community.

"Why isn't there?" asked the traveling salesman.

"'Cause old Si Hicks, the postmaster, is so danged inquisitive that he opens every package that comes through the post-office," confided the resident.

The Last Straw

Jones, who had just received a notice that the house he had rented had been sold from over his head and he would have to vacate at the end of the month, swore violently.

"Henry!" exclaimed his astonished wife. "Why, I never heard such language!"

"Madame!" bellowed Jones. "Do you hear what that daughter of ours is playing?"

They listened, and up the stairway came the strains of "Tenting To-night."

Uncomplimentary

"How come you shot an' killed that fortune teller, Pete?" asked Black Powder Andy.

"Well," returned Two-Gun Pete in a slightly hurt tone, "the son of a gun said the lines in my hand showed that some day I'd be a murderer."

Finis

"I have a well-defined end in view," said the stout soldier as he crawled into the pup tent.

The Eleventh Commandment

Do not ridicule

This advice, my son,
Stay in front of a mule
And in back of a gun.

Too Risky

It was during those days when the nation was falling all over itself to help our departing heroes. A certain lawyer was giving his services to help the draftees from his county to make out their applications for insurance.

One man, a Russian, when asked who was to be his beneficiary, replied:

"Olga Sulkowich, she my landlady."
"But," objected the lawyer, "that won't do. You must name some relative. Haven't you a father, mother, sister, brother—somebody?"

It developed that the applicant was at outs with his family and didn't want them to get the money.

"Mrs. Sulkowich, she good woman," he insisted. "She widow lady with two children for to take care of since her man die."

"I tell you what you do," said the lawyer. "You marry her—then there'll be no chance for trouble."

The man stood for a minute in deep thought. Then he shook his head.

"No," he said, "I might come back."

Apprehensive

"How's George getting along in the hospital?" asked the neighbor of a woman whose son was wounded in France.

"Not so good. You see, he's got a bullet in his leg, and it frightens me to death to think that it might go off at any time."

Preparedness

Visitor: "What did you do when the shell exploded near you?"

Wounded Vet: "Sent mother a postcard to have the bed aired."

The Petrot Suspicious

"I'm sorry, but this bill is so dirty that I'm afraid I can't use it," said the trolley conductor, passing back to the passenger a grimy piece of paper, originally intended to represent a dollar.

"Well, then," the passenger snapped, "if you can't use it, why don't you turn it over to the company?"

The Graves Fund Grows, with the Memorial Day Figures Yet to Be Counted

KINGS and generals, a premier and a president, have lent their endorsement to The American Legion Overseas Graves Endowment Fund. The Legion is not alone in its desire to insure that on every Memorial Day of the future, as on the Memorial Day just passed, it will provide for the decoration of the grave of every American World War soldier and sailor whose body still lies in European soil.

One of the finest possible testimonials to the almost universal appeal of the fund was given in New York City on the night of May 17th when more than a thousand men and women gathered under the auspices of the National Sponsoring Committee of the memorial fund. Elihu Root presided. Governor Smith of New York, General Pershing, National Commander Owsley, the ambassadors of Belgium and Japan, United States Senators and Congressmen, all took the opportunity to pledge support to the fund. Messages from the King of England, from Marshal Foch of France, from Premier Mussolini of Italy and from President Harding helped swell the volume of approval which went forth from the impressive meeting.

At the time of writing—ten days before Memorial Day—two states and the District of Columbia had exceeded their quotas of the fund. They were the two smallest states (in area) in America—Rhode Island and Delaware. The District of Columbia, although not a State, a Legion department, had exceeded its quota. So had the Departments of the Argentine, Mexico, Cuba and Canada. The larger States had started, and started big.

Iowa, a big Legion State, on May 18th had raised only five percent of its quota. But Iowa had got started. On May 19th the National Treasurer received a thousand dollars, raised where the tall corn grows. That check appreciably increased Iowa's percentage. That's the way with many Legion departments, it turned out; they were waiting for big sums before shipping their receipts to the National Treasurer. Department Commander William J. Doyle of Massachusetts, for instance, announced that in the Bay State it was proposed to start a drive in the schools with the object of collecting one cent from each school child. The children wanted to give, and the Legion was eager for them to share the patriotic privilege.

Meantime, while reports were less conspicuous perhaps from smaller States and more rural districts, indications were that the Legion was taking hold of duty as always. While completely indicative results still could not be known for two or three weeks, it was plain that the Legion would do what it started out to do—to fight it out if it takes all summer.

The American Legion Graves Endowment Fund will be invested in perpetuity and the income used to provide decorations on each Memorial Day for the graves of 32,000 American soldiers and sailors overseas. The Weekly publishes in every issue a list of contributors who have given one dollar or more to the fund. Names of contributing Legion posts and Auxiliary units are

Graves Fund Total

To May 19th - - - \$48,961.70

Six days to May 25th - 10,886.47

Total to May 25th - - \$59,848.17

in italics. Checks for the fund should be made payable to the National Treasurer, The American Legion, Indianapolis, Ind. This week's list follows:

ALABAMA. MOBILE: Lamar V. McLeod Post, \$5; George M. Baker, \$1; CHOCTAW BLUFF: G. C. Colton, \$1.
ALASKA. KETCHIKAN: Ketchikan Post, \$2; NOGALES: Ridge 1st Post, \$10.
ARKANSAS. MORO BAY: G. L. Brundage, \$1.
CALIFORNIA. SAN DIEGO: San Diego Post, \$10; BRAWLEY: Auxiliary to Brawley Post, \$5; HIGHLAND: V. B. Evers, \$5; VISALIA: Visalia Post, \$5; PRESNO: Fresno Post, \$47; DELHI: Delhi Post, \$8; SOLVANG: Santa Ynez Valley Post, \$15.50; SUNOL: Auxiliary to Pleaston Post, \$10; ANAVAL: Catalina Post, \$5; TAFT: Archie F. McLean, \$2.50; LIVERMORE: Livermore Post, \$5; SAWTELLE: E. M. Estam, \$2; WATSONVILLE: Curtis Layne, \$1; STOCKTON: La Societe des 40 Hommes et 4 Chevaux, \$5; LOS ANGELES: Sunshine Post, \$140; correction, April 7th issue, for "DINUBA: Mrs. Lucy B. McCorkle, \$5," read "DINUBA: Alta Post, \$5."
CANADA. TORONTO: Curtis H. Remy, \$3; VULCAN, ALTA.: Jesse Noringer, \$2.50.
CHINA. PEKING: Ewing Scott, \$3.30; Frank M. Exner, \$2.72.
COLORADO. BOULDER: Boulder Post, \$10; LITTLETON: A. L. McArthur, \$2; FITZSIMONS: W. J. Blum, \$5; YUMA: Leo A. Johns, \$1; DENVER: Helen W. Choate, \$3; GRAND JUNCTION: Marie Olcott, \$5; ESTES PARK: Post 119, \$5.
CONNECTICUT. CHESHIRE: R. A. Stoops Post, \$4; BRIDGEPORT: Harry W. Condon Post, \$10; DANBURY: Albert Hill, \$1; CORA HILL, \$1; ALTANA: Klink, \$1; Lester Morton, \$1; HAZEL MORTON, \$1; ANSONIA: William H. Gordon Post, \$10; Rev. Thomas L. Lynch, \$5; NORWALD: A. Parker Bell, \$2.
CUBA. FRANCISCO: Dean C. Jackson, \$2.
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA. WASHINGTON: Charles A. Hamilton, \$5.
DELAWARE. WILMINGTON: E. J. Amory, \$20; Department of Delaware, \$80.
FLORIDA. TAMPA: C. M. Palmer, \$5; MIAMI: C. B. Chinn, \$2.
GEORGIA. BUFORD: Woodward Post, \$5.
IDAHO. BURLEY: Burley Post, \$20; ASHTON: Ashton Post, \$5; BOISE: John Reagan Post, \$100; CALDWELL: Auxiliary to Loren M. Trotter Post, \$5; LEWISTON: Lewiston Post, \$17; PARMA: Auxiliary to Parma Post, \$10.
ILLINOIS. CHICAGO: E. V. Grimes, \$1; William Bauer, \$1; F. A. Miller, \$1; L. H. Lappin, \$1; E. H. Ilyce, \$1; A. Jarnek, \$1; Emma C. Powers, \$1; Z. A. Barker, \$1; E. Horgan, \$1; F. R. Hood, \$1; Stanley Earl Tupper, \$1; medical officers, nurses, corps men, patients and Veterans Bureau patients, Naval Hospital, \$13.05; VIENNA: Harry Sullivan Post, \$5; CHICAGO: Portage Park Post, \$10; Martin Brothers, \$5; Ralph B. Grosh, \$1; Dr. Frank P. Thometz, \$2; Harry C. Lindahl, \$1; Jane A. Delano Post, \$25; R. A. Van Ness, \$1; Mars-sur-Alber Post, \$25; North Shore Post, \$17; NASHVILLE: Auxiliary to John C. Atchinson Post, \$5; KIRKWOOD: Earl B. Page, \$1; Auxiliary to Gerald Norman Post, \$5; BLOOMINGTON: Louis E. Davis Post, \$10; BARRY: Barry Post, \$10; GREENVILLE: Greenville Post, \$15; GENOA: Auxiliary to Bayard Brown Post, \$5; LA SALLE: Reliance Median Post, \$15; Mrs. John Ferris, \$1; VERONA: Chester P. Winsor, \$1; NAPERVILLE: Dr. Winfred B. Martin, \$5; OTTAWA: Clarence Griggs, \$10; V. J. Duncan, \$5; A. J. O'Connor, \$10; J. B. Herring, \$10; Helen D. Swift, \$5; Susanne G. Swift, \$5; Mrs. Helen V. Swift, \$10; E. C. Swift, \$25; Harry F. Kelly, \$5; D. J. O'Connor, \$1; E. O. Haeberle, \$1; Al. F. Scholtz, \$2; Lake View Post, \$25; BELLEVILLE: George E. Hilgard Post, \$10; FLOKA: Clay County Post, \$5; VERMONT: Carroll Rankin Post, \$5; GENESIO: Shearer Post and Auxiliary, \$15; A. D. Brown, \$1; C. A. Opstead, \$1; H. P. Williamson, \$1; BUCKLEY: Hickerson Post, \$10; FREE-

BURG: Lochlar Smith Post, \$5; LOMBARD: Lombard Post, \$10; ZEIGLER: Patrick McClellan Post, \$164.52; MT. IFFERSON: Jefferson Post, \$16; LODA: Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Hollister, \$1; OGLESBY: Thomas Larkin Post, \$5; MATTOON: C. R. Plummer, \$1; NEW ATHENS: Albert Krupp Post, \$5; Auxiliary Albert Krupp Post, \$5; WEST FRANKFORT: Willard N. Smith, \$1.
INDIANA. INDIANAPOLIS: Frank Deane Post, \$5.50; HUNTINGTON: H. M. D., \$2; NEW PALESTINE: New Palestine Post, \$7.20; SEYMOUR: Seymour Post, \$5; FRANKLIN: Franklin Auxiliary, \$10; LOGANSPORT: Cass County Auxiliary, \$10; BLUFFTON: Grover Sheets Post, \$5; CLAYPOOL: Mrs. Lawrence Deleman, \$1; INDIANAPOLIS: Women's Overseas Service League, \$10; Minnie L. Strickland, \$1; William Noble Wallace Post, \$20; MUNCIE: Beatrice Creamery Company, \$1; ARCOLOA: Harry Louman Post, \$3; Kokomo: Father's Auxiliary, \$10; Maud J. Welsh, \$1; ANDERSON: T. O. Roberts, \$5; HOWE: History No. 1 and 2 classes of Howe School, \$3.75; ELKHART: Thomas McCoy Post, \$10.
IOWA. JEWELL: Hawkeye Post, \$5; COLESBURG: William F. Brockmeier Post, \$7.50; GLENWOOD: Laura Dunn, \$1; MILLERSBURG: Clair Roberts, \$1.
KANSAS. MCPHERSON: Auxiliary to Harry B. Dorst Post, \$15.20; PRESTON: Sam G. Williams Post, \$3; SEON: Day Moore Post, \$25; MEDICINE LOOGE: Barber County Post, \$13.20; JAMES TOWN: Rella Hitchcock Post, \$9.40; GREENLEAF: Shaw Post, \$7.20; CANTON: Canton Post, \$16.20; HARPER: Harper Post, \$15.62; BURTON: Emma H. C. Neway Post, \$8.20; LLOYD: Joseph Austin Post, \$10.60; OVERBROOK: Anderson-Kelley Post, \$10.00; LOGAN: Auxiliary to Logan Post, \$7.30; HUMBOLDT: Alcy-Don Post, \$17.60; STAFFORD: Christopher L. Stockwell Post, \$13.80; JUNCTION CITY: Moses W. Merriweather Post, \$11.40; OTTAWA: Mrs. Annie S. Weibel, \$5; LAWRENCE: Sadie R. Dorsey, \$5; COFFEYVILLE: A. Mother, \$1.5.
KENTUCKY. MAYFIELD: Mayfield Post, \$25; MAISONVILLE: Hopkins County Post, \$15; ALBANY: Cannon Post, \$4.
LOUISIANA. NEW ORLEANS: Silver Chevron, \$1; BATON ROUGE: David J. Ewing Post, \$13.40; KENNER: C. C. Hamby, \$1; MAINE. GREENVILLE JUNCTION: Cecil R. Cole Post, \$5; NORTHEAST HARBOR: Lester J. Lurvey Post, \$5; WEST ENFIELD: Lee Graham Post, \$5; VIOU: Auxiliary to Siora Collins Post, \$2; WEST PENBROKE: Cabot Post, \$2; EASTPORT: Fred Mitchell Post, \$5; BAR HARBOR: George Edwin Kirk Post, \$25; WATERVILLE: George N. Bourque Post and Auxiliary, \$85.
MARYLAND. BALTIMORE: George Frame Mahool Post, \$5; Moss Price Post, \$20; ROCKVILLE: A. Mother, \$1.
MASSACHUSETTS. BELMONT: Belmont-Waverly Post, \$10; HOSIERS: John W. Harbison Post, \$5; AUSTIN: Austin Post, \$5; John W. Powers Post, \$5; LEXINGTON: Stanley Hill Post, \$5; BARRE: Auxiliary to Barre Post, \$5; BELCHERTOWN: Auxiliary to Chauncey D. Walker Post, \$5; NORTHAMPTON: Ira G. Flint, \$1; LYNNFIELD: Lynnfield Post, \$5; SOUTH DEERFIELD: Thomas W. Ashley Post, \$5; DEOHAM: A Gold Star Mother, \$1; WESTFIELD: Westfield Post, \$20; BOSTON: Lewis L. Dorsey Post, \$5; CLINTON: James K. Kirby Post, \$5; NORTH NORFOLK: Thomas L. Colicary, \$1; WORCESTER: Mrs. Wm. E. Rockwood, \$10.
MEXICO. TAMPIO: H. O. Ware, \$5.
MICHIGAN. CHARLOTTE: Irving Greenawald, \$5; DAVIDSON: Charles L. Skellinger Post, \$10; WATERVLIET: O. J. Holweg, \$2; BLOOMING Post, \$20.55; AMHEEK: Post No. 230, \$5; SOUTH HAVEN: Post No. 49, \$10; DETROIT: Norman B. Stramhan, \$1; Post No. 42 and Post No. 201, \$28.10; Charles A. Learned Post, \$28; BATTLE CREEK: Boleslaw Palinski, \$2; TEMPERANCE: Aubrey F. Goldsmith, \$1; ROYAL OAKS: Frank Wendland Post, \$30; FREMONT: C. C. Upton Post, \$6; KALAMAZOO: Joseph B. Westnead Post, \$40; ANN ARBOR: Fred D. Huhn, \$5; MARINE CITY: G. R. Killion, \$5; HARTBORO: E. Stoddard Post, \$5; HARTING: Lawrence J. Bauer Post, \$2.50; HOWELL: Charles L. Lewis, \$2.
MINNESOTA. MONTEVIDEO: Hjalmer Johnsrud, \$2; MINNEAPOLIS: Dr. Frank R. Keller, \$10; RUSHFORD: Post No. 94, \$5; SOUQUAN: Auxiliary to Nelson Jackson Post, \$6; TROSKY: Auxiliary to Korist-Wright Post, \$3; CANNON FALLS: Auxiliary to Cannon Falls Post, \$5; ATWATER: Auxiliary to Bennet Stamat Post, \$5; LEBANON: E. E. Gibson, \$2; E. P. Edgerton, \$1; D. A. Mitchell, \$3; Mrs. Mary Ellerton, \$1; Helmi Apuli, \$1; G. A. Apuli, \$1; Mrs. William Mattson, \$1; P. J. Erickson, \$1; Patrick Hagen, \$1; J. S. Henderson, \$1; S. P. McDonald, \$1; Leonard Charnoli, \$1; Mr. Hoskins, \$1; Mrs. G. V. Guillaume, \$1; J. L. Beck, \$1; Mabel H. Beck, \$1; Oscar Walwick, \$1; R. G. Drewry, \$1; Mrs. Varnum, \$1; John J. Henderson Post, \$1; SEABORTH: Ralph Lamb Post, \$2.50; ASHBY: Post No. 357, \$5.50; ELENORALE: Fidelity Post, \$5; BRECKENRIDGE: John Danicourt, \$1.50; JASPER: Oscar Emerson Post, \$7; DAWSON: Oscar Lee Post, \$5; DULUTH: E. C. Clow, \$2; LESUEUR: Department: Charles C. Kolars, \$10; NEW ULM: Auxiliary to Ben J. Seifer Post, \$10; ST. CLOUD: Plumley, \$2.50; ST. PAUL: Auxiliary to John De Farco Post, \$3.
MISSISSIPPI. PORT GIBSON: Sam Buttrill, \$2; JACKSON: T. Stapleton, \$2; J. M. Hatfield, \$10; Webster M. Buie, \$1; Fred H. Lotterhos, \$10; GREENWOOD: Carl W. Schweizer, \$1; YAZOO CITY: John Sharp Williams, \$10; WATER VALLEY: Curtis E. Pass Post, \$25; McCOMB: Pike County Memorial Association, \$123.34; FERNWOOD: P. H. Enoch, \$25; MAGNOLIA: J. H. Price, \$1; GREENVILLE: S. M. White, \$5; HARRISBURG: J. H. Price, \$1; Post members, \$5.28; TOWNSPEOPLE, \$5.57; LOUISVILLE: Allen Post, \$15; Auxiliary to Allen Post, \$10; Gilbert Wood, \$5; Mrs. T. J. Lee, \$1; QUITMAN: Quitman Post, \$15; SEMINARY: Sennett Connor, \$25; COLUMBIA: H. L. White, \$10.
MISSOURI. ST. LOUIS: Quentin Roosevelt Post, \$10; Stucher-Brennan Post, \$40; American Legion, East St. Louis, \$10; BELLEVILLE: Xenophon to Xenophon Post, \$5; KENNER: Norris Post, \$2.50; CARTHAGE: Edwin W. Higgins Post, \$25; PINEVILLE: Hackney Emery Brown Post, \$5; OTTERVILLE: Auxiliary to George Clark Harlan Post, \$5.27; KANSAS CITY: A. Peterson, \$5; NEWARK: Robert L. Chilton Post, \$7.40; SLATER: Dr. J. C. Caldwell, \$1.
MONTANA. WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS: Charles H. Anthony, \$1; MILES CITY: Custer Post, \$24.55; JODITON: J. A. J. Conant, \$1.50; HOBSON: Judith Basin Post, \$34.50; THOMPSON FALLS: Sanders Post, \$25.25; Belt: Belt Valley Post, \$5; CHINOOK: Blaine Post, \$5; ALDER: Alder Gulch Post, \$5; HARLOWTON: Mrs. Viola Miller, \$2.
NEBRASKA. FULLERTON: The Three Left, \$15; Fred Philbrick Post, \$40; HEDMAN: Charles Jackson Post, \$10; STOUTSVILLE: A. D. Appleby, \$1; CRESTON: Neuman Post, \$5; LOOGE POLE: Post 286, \$5; OMAHA: Douglas County Post, \$17.65; LOUIS W. Jandechur, \$3; LITCHFIELD: Carl Farnworth Post, \$17.15; LINCOLN: William Pike, \$1; Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Holmes, \$25; CLARKSON: Vitek Post, \$4; NEBRASKA CITY: Adam Schellinger Post, \$10; Elks Club, \$25; MAXWELL: Post No. 100, \$10; NEBRASKA CITY: Art Gray Post, \$1.50; HASTINGS: Mrs. H. B. Whitney, \$1.50; CLAY CENTER: Auxiliary Unit, \$5; BELLEVILLE: Auxiliary Unit, \$3; WOOD RIVER: Auxiliary Unit, \$7.
NEW HAMPSHIRE. MILFORD: George W. Marshall, \$2; KEENE: Gordon Bissell Post, \$80; WOODVILLE: Harold K. Davidson, \$5; SANBORNVILLE: L. S. Edwards, \$1; GREENVILLE: Henry J. Leclair Post, \$1.
NEW JERSEY. MAISON: Frank Patterson Post, \$10; NEWARK: John J. Martin, \$1; Service Post, \$6; WOODBRIDGE: Woodbridge Post, \$3; SOUTH ORANGE: Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Foster, \$1; WOODCLIFF: Maud I. Greaves, \$3; DOVER: William Hedges Baker Post, \$10; Dover Randolph Memorial Association, \$10; EAST ORANGE: Robert Wood, \$1; BELLEVILLE: H. A. J. Conant, \$1; PHILLIPSBURG: William H. Landis, \$1; CLIFTON: Betty Fetzman, \$1; PERTH AMBOY: Perth Amboy Post, \$5.
NEW YORK. NEW YORK CITY: Joel W. Brown, \$2; Rose Club of Pond Place, \$6; Columbia University Post, \$5; Elmer E. Bennett, Jr. Post, \$10; NEW ROCHELLE: New Rochelle Post, \$25; ALBANY: Auxiliary to W. J. Myer Post, \$10; ALBANY: Albany Post, \$25; Cullen Sullivan Chapter, \$5; KINGSTON: Kingston Post, \$10; GENESIO: Genesio Post, \$10; WILLIAMSON: Williamson Post, \$2; WARWICK: Warwick Township Post, \$28.75; BROOKLYN: Fritz L. Stenstrom, \$5; Company L, Family Unit, 307th Infantry, \$25; Edward W. Coc, \$1; Thirteenth Post, \$29; George A. Wingate, \$10; WESTFIELD: Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Brooks, \$2; John W. Roger Post, \$10; UTICA: Mrs. T. W. K. Bantin, \$1; Paul Walling, \$1.

NEARLY fifty thousand dollars has been raised for The American Legion Overseas Graves Endowment Fund. Two hundred thousand dollars should be raised. One hundred thousand is the minimum we have pledged. Many posts have delayed their contributions, intending to present them on or about Memorial Day. By the time this statement appears the Legion probably will have reached the hundred thousand dollar mark. But it will not then be too late for you, as an individual, to give your share. It will not be too late for your post to give its share to swell its State's quota. Do you feel that you have met your duty?

ALVIN OWSLEY
National Commander

May 19th

KENMORE: Auxiliary to Milton J. Brounchill Post, \$5; JAMES-TOWN: Auxiliary to Ira Lou Spring Post, \$33.42; EAST ROCHESTER: Jules Verne Fish Post, \$10; BUFFALO: Walden Post, \$5; LIVINGSTON: L. T. Quinn, \$1; PORT CHESTER: Auxiliary to Port Chester Post, \$10; HUNTINGTON: Huntington Post, \$25; YONKERS: Auxiliary to Yonkers Post, \$5; YONKERS: Mt. Vernon, \$1; Mt. Vernon Post, \$50; Auxiliary to Mt. Vernon Post, \$25; LOCKPORT: Lottie Irvine, \$5; PORT HENRY: Carl F. Peterson, \$2; HIGHLAND: Lloyd Post, \$10; ROCHESTER: Emanuel R. Wilson Post, \$10; ODESSA: Cole Hansenberger Deland Post, \$5; Auxiliary to Cole Hansenberger Deland Post, \$5; SENECA FALLS: Auxiliary to Kirk Casey Post, \$10; JOHNSTOWN: Johnstown Post, \$5; TUPPER LAKE: Benjamin Church Post, \$15; Simon Moskowitz, \$1; C. G. Edwards, \$1; SAUGERTIES: Auxiliary to Lamouree Hackitt Post, \$5.

NORTH CAROLINA, NORLINA: M. W. Hardy, \$1; STATESVILLE: Dr. Philip S. Easley, \$1; WINSTON-SALEM: Clyde Bolling Post, \$25; TARBORO: Eason Tiney Post, \$14; Mrs. Naude Bynum, \$1; FRANKLIN: Moon Post, \$10; GREENSBORO: Henry K. Burtner Post, \$25; SHELBY: Warren F. Hay Post, \$1.50.

NORTH DAKOTA, GALESBURG: Sigard B. Asen Post, \$5; CARPIO: Rev. Alfred Hendrickson, \$5; PORTAL: Auxiliary Unit, \$5; CHARLSON: George J. Brown, \$4; WATFORD CITY: Carl E. Rogen Post, \$5; EDWORTH: Arthur R. Newman, \$1.

OHIO, WEST MILTON: Russell C. Niles, \$1; NAUMEE: Charter Cone Post, \$10; JACKSON: Jefferson Howe Post, \$10; WOODFIELD: Auxiliary to Monroe Post, \$20; Monroe Post, \$15; NILES: William McKinley Post, \$10; MILAN: Frank McVetta, \$1; HILLSBORO: Ray George, \$5; TOLEDO: Walter Waller Post, \$10; CLEVELAND: H. C. Bliss, \$1; PLAIN CITY: Plain City Post, \$10; NEWARK: Mrs. Charles W. Montgomery, \$2; LEETONIA: Walter S. Shruggs, \$2; Dr. Jennings M. King, \$5; NEW LEXINGTON: John Tague Post, \$5.75; YOUNGSTOWN: Auxiliary to Youngstown Post, \$15; MARIETTA: P. O. Hart, \$5; NEWPORT: Leland M. Barnett Post, \$25; DOVER: Auxiliary to Dover Post, \$5; AKRON: Henry A. Schuman, \$1; LUCASVILLE: William A. Baker Post, \$10; WEST MANCHESTER: Washington Grange, \$5.

OKLAHOMA, OKLAHOMA CITY: A. V. Butterfield, \$1; EL RENO: El Reno Post, \$5.17; CLEAR LAKE: Douglas Lant Post, \$5; OREGON, OREGON: Emmert S. Johnson, \$2; OREGON CITY: Mrs. Willard G. Benawa, \$5; ALSEA: Gordon Grimm, \$2.50; PORTLAND: Michael X. Sherry, \$2; Mrs. Thomas Broomfield, \$5; Mrs. Harry N. Nelson, \$5; WASCO: Frank E. Brown Post, \$10; BAKER: Auxiliary to Baker Post, \$5; SALEM: Ed K. Humphrey, \$1.

PENNSYLVANIA, INDIANA: Paul O'Hara, \$3; PHILADELPHIA: Voltaire Locale No. 1, Forty and Eight, \$25; Captain Walter M. Grady Post, \$25; Yeoman F. Post, \$15; John P. Hill, \$5; William Harry Davidson Post, \$10; GERMANTOWN: Charles J. Rhoads, \$25; Staff of North West District Office, Home Service Section, American Red Cross, \$5; HAWLEY: Mrs. M. H. James, \$2; HANOVER: Auxiliary to Harold H. Bair Post, \$25; WILKES-BARRE: Allen L. Flock, \$1; Ford City, \$1; Allie Post, \$25; Birdsboro: Birdsboro Post, \$5; BELLEVILLE: Brooks Doll Post, \$15; SEWICKLEY: Auxiliary Unit \$18.40; MOUNT CARMEL: Harry Geist Post, \$25; CLARION: J. M. Smathers, \$1; ALLENTOWN: George A. Haney, \$1; OLYPHANT: Raymond Henry Post, \$15; Michael Onze, \$1; MEDIA: Robert C. Jones, \$1; WAYNESBORO: W. C. Summer, \$5; GIBARD: Girard Post, \$25; POINT MARION: Samuel Hager Post, \$5; OIL CITY: James M. Henderson Post, \$537.47; PAOLI: Dalton Wanzel Post, \$10; SHAMOKIN: Lincoln Post, \$100; CANONS-BURG: Canonsburg Post, \$20; PITTSBURGH: W. H. Duncan, \$5; BEDFORD: Bedford Post, \$5; EASTON: Brown and Lynch Post, \$5; HAZELTON: Voltaire Locale No. 296, Forty and Eight, \$5; BELLEVILLE: North Boroughs Post, \$100.

RHODE ISLAND, MANVILLE: Alphonse Yelle Post, \$10; PAWTUCKET: Pawtucket Post, \$23.55.

SOUTH CAROLINA, CAMDEN: James Le Roy Bell Post, \$6.90; CHERAW: Auxiliary to Five Oaks Post, \$10.

SOUTH DAKOTA, TRENT: Peter Olsen, \$2.50; ARMOUR: Eugene M. McGrath Post, \$5; WHITE RIVER: Herman Post, \$5; NEW EDITION: Reed-Yellin Post, \$5; TYNDAL: Tyndal Post, \$10; REDFIELD: Clay Kiser Post, \$10; HARTFORD: Ferdinand Urban Post, \$2.50; RUTLAND: Ole P. Egge Post, \$5; VEBLEN: Veblen Post, \$5.25; MELLETTE: Garrett Harris Post, \$7.49; ROSWELL: Louis Bernstetter Post, \$5.

TENNESSEE, NASHVILLE: Timothy Overton Post, \$5; RUPPERT-TOWN: Mrs. J. R. Brown, \$1; UNION CITY: Milton Talley Post, \$15.

TEXAS, UVALDE: M. B. Hodges, \$2.50; SAN BENITO: Auxiliary to Sam Jackson Post, \$5; THURBER: Homer G. Harris Post, \$5; Auxiliary to Homer G. Harris Post, \$5; KNOX CITY: Charles LeRoy Teague Post, \$5; OAKWOOD: Citizens of Oakwood, \$51.50; BRECKENRIDGE: Frank S. Roberts, \$1; M. J. Oiler, \$1; L. Deere, \$1; Paul A. Briggs, \$1; Frank S. Garrison, \$1; Ben J. Dean, \$1; James R. Brewster, \$1; Wallace B. Guinn, \$1; Jesse J. Sewell, \$1; John E. Hintz, \$1; Volney Brantley, \$1; James M. Crowson, \$1; C. O. Johnson, \$1; R. E. McCaskill, \$1; Frank Z. Lander, \$1; J. H. Lowry, \$1; S. C. Clark, \$1; Dora Herzog, \$1; John Sowell, \$1; Paul C. Atchison, \$1; T. J. Moore, \$1; Sidney E. Pater, \$1; M. C. Hagen, \$1; Ernest R. Mayfield, \$1; Fred McMahon, \$2; A. R. Fletcher, \$1; Morris Seigel, \$1; H. J. Grebing, \$1; Frank Sloan, \$1; Ira Bowden, \$1; Maudie Douglas Stevenson, \$5; Vere L. Boyles, \$1; J. H. Massey, \$1; Ona E. Price, \$1; H. J. Hannibal, \$1; E. L. Henckle, \$1; E. R. Hopper, \$1; Bernice Coles Post, \$5; PORT ARTHUR: Rudolph Lombert Post, \$25; BURTON: Marti-Louis Post, \$15; GONZALES: Auxiliary to Post 40, \$5; LAMPASAS: Lampasas Post, \$10; AMARILLO: Hanson Post, \$10.

UTAH, LOGAN: Auxiliary to Logan Post, \$9.40; BRIGHAM CITY: Brigham City Post, \$4; CASTLE GARD: Rudolph Zobel Post, \$10.

VERMONT, PROCTORSVILLE: Wallace-McNulty-Howard Post, \$22; BARRE: Mrs. William J. Pratt, \$10.

VIRGINIA, FRANKLIN: Southampton Post, \$5; EDINBURG: Blue Ridge Post, \$5; HOPWELL: Hopewell Post, \$24; SALEM: Arthur Smith, \$1; LOUISA: Louisa Post, \$10; NORFOLK: Mrs. J. L. Thompson, \$1; Brambleton Avenue Epworth League, \$1.25; STAUNTON: Kathleen Lauriault, \$2; FREDERICKSBURG: Mr. and Mrs. F. W. McMillan, \$2.

WASHINGTON, WALLA WALLA: A Comrade, \$1; EPHIRATA: Art Semo Post, \$5; CHARLESTON: Charleston Post, \$10; BELLEVUE: Bellevue Minute Women, \$5; SEATTLE: Auxiliary to Seattle Post, \$5; Voltaire No. 75, Forty and Eight, \$10.

WEST VIRGINIA, TAMS: Tate S. Price, \$3; Mt. HOPE: Mt. Hope Post, \$20; ROWLESBURG: Cheat River Post, \$25.

WISCONSIN, BLANCHARDVILLE: Auxiliary to Herbert Dobson Post, \$5; CLEAR LAKE: Auxiliary to Wiley Davis Post, \$5; NEW LISBON: D. W. K. Post, \$5; GILLET: John F. Krause Post, \$36.50; MINERAL POINT: H. D. Ludden, \$1; WAUKESHA: Daniel J. Martin Post, \$1; MANASSA: R. T. Hill, \$5; PHLOX: A. J. Reinert, \$1; CHETEK: Howard Campbell Post, \$5; SHEBOYGAN FALLS: Fredericks Mueller Post, \$8.50; SHARON: Edward L. Meyer Post, \$8; COTTAGE GROVE: John G. Galvin Post, \$15; CARLE: Ladies' Aid, \$1; MILWAUKEE: Mrs. G. S. Crane, \$2; James Pringle, \$5; W. H. Upmeyer, \$5; Charles S. Pearce, \$5; H. N. Laffin, \$5; Arthur Davidson, \$10; A. L. Morsell, \$5; William F. Luick, \$5; H. A. Wagner, \$10; R. F. Nuzum, \$5; R. B. Brown, \$5; Emil Vilter, \$10; James B. Leedom, \$5; J. S. Janssen, \$5; A. J. Zimmermann, \$5; Frank H. Fiedler, \$5; Victor M. Stamm, \$5; Oscar T. Hustling, \$2; John B. Casper, \$2; E. W. Hoffman, \$5; Lester Albenberg, \$5; E. J. Fellman, \$5; Mackey Wells, \$5; John Horter, \$5; Steven J. Casper, \$5; Sidney M. Cohen, \$5; S. B. Way, \$5; John E. Sharp, \$5; John Le Feber, \$5; George A. Moehle, \$5; Robert Wittig, \$5; C. O. Wanvig, \$5; Louis R. Bunde, \$5; Joseph T. Aultman, \$10; L. S. Sues, \$5; Fred Doepeke, \$10; J. E. Gieseler, \$5; E. S. Moldenhauer, \$5; Philip Koebring, \$5; F. G. Findley, \$3; Walter Stern, \$5; C. B. Leidersdorf, \$3; Percy H. Evans, \$5; Henry H. Sullivan, \$5; Bert F. Anger, \$3; Walter Davidson, \$10; C. H. Beale, \$5; Herman F. Haessler, \$5; Robert E. Friend, \$10; Henry Held, \$5; Charles M. Blumberg, \$5; G. J. McGee, \$5; J. C. Gieseler, \$5; A. H. Liechtuss, \$1; James F. Burns, \$5; Oshkosh: Auxiliary to Atley

Posts: Bring this contest to the notice of the school children of your town before the summer vacation starts

Rules for the Second National American Legion Essay Contest

SUBJECT: "Why America Should Prohibit Immigration for Five Years."

NATIONAL PRIZES: First, \$750; second, \$500; third, \$250.

[To be used for scholarships in colleges indicated by the winners.]

STATE PRIZES: First prize in each State will be a silver medal; second prize, a bronze medal; third prize, a certificate of merit.

Rules:

All girls and boys between the ages of 12 and 18 years, inclusive, are eligible to enter this contest.

Only one essay to a person.

Essay will not be over 500 words in length.

Only one side of paper to be used. A margin of one inch must be allowed on either side of paper.

After essay is completed paper should be neatly folded, not rolled.

Spelling, penmanship and neatness will be considered in judging the winner.

Age will also be given full consideration.

Date:

All essays must be received at a place designated by the county superintendent of schools not later than midnight of October 12, 1923.

County Judges:

The county superintendent of schools is asked to select three judges whose duty it will be to choose the best essay for their country. The Americanism officer of the county shall co-operate in every way with the superintendent of schools and the judges of the contest. The winning

essay of that county should be forwarded to the Department Americanism Chairman of The American Legion not later than midnight of November 1, 1923.

Department Judges:

The state superintendent or school commissioner of the state schools will be asked to select three judges for his State. The duties of the state judges will be to select the three best essays from the winners in the counties of the State. These essays shall be forwarded to the National Americanism Director of The American Legion, Indianapolis, Indiana, not later than midnight of November 15, 1923. These essays shall be enumerated first, second and third.

The national winners will be announced a few weeks after November 15, 1923.

Pledge:

At the end of each essay the following pledge must be signed:

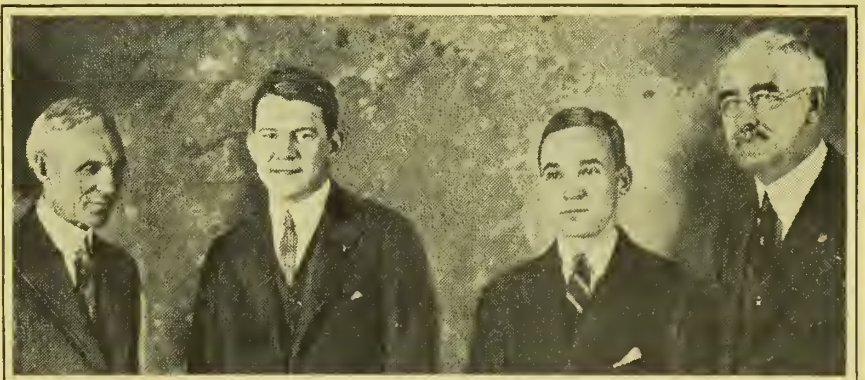
"I hereby pledge my word of honor that I have written this essay myself. I am — years old."

Signature, address in full and date must follow.

H. Cook Post, \$15; DARBOT: Leo Van Roy Post, \$5; PORTAGE: Richard W. Mulocky Post, \$5; WAUPUN: Daniel E. Getchel Post, \$11; Auxiliary to Getchel Post, \$5; State Bank of Waupun, \$5; National Bank of Waupun, \$5; Louis Schultz, \$1; Fred W. Luck, \$1; Ben Kastein, \$1; Gus Bernhagen, \$1; Elmer Rossman, \$1; Ira Rossman, \$1; Robert Doering, \$1; C. Buteyn, \$1; C. H. Rank, \$1; W. Gieblin, \$1; Arnold Van Hengel, \$1; Ernest Stevens, \$1; W. C. Howard, \$1; Lee Welch, \$1; Louis Ulve, \$1; Bernhard and Houdek Company, \$1; George W. Below, \$1; Harry Gerretson, \$1; Schuppert and Gysbers Company, \$1; E. J. Fladeland, \$1; Elmer E. Luck, \$1; Elmer Haas, \$1; George Landaa, \$1; John Landaa, \$1; Frode B. Kilstotte, \$1; W. A. Wagner, \$1; F. E. Jones, \$1; W. E. Graham, \$1; M. E. Faber, \$1; C. A. Shaler, \$1; GOODMAN: Watell Maritime Post, \$7; PLATTEVILLE: Platteville Lodge of Elks, \$10; WATERTOWN: E. G. Hub, \$1; GLENWOOD City: Stephen S. Curry Post, \$6; MEENAH: Maurice E. Barnett and Family, \$25; BUTTERNUT: Thaddeus R. Zyk Post, \$5; GRANTSBURG: Oscar Brash Post, \$10; BIRNAMWOOD: Mike Darling Post,

\$5; MONROE: Mrs. J. C. Hood, \$2; COLUMBUS: Lange-Ostrander Post, \$5; MASON: Robert Holmes, \$3; HIGH BRIDGE: Andrew Erick Anderson, \$5; LAKE GENEVA: Frank Kresen Post, \$1; GREEN BAY: Frank Dietrich, \$1; WEYAUWEGA: Erich Arndt Post, \$10; HORICON: Paul B. Firehammer, \$1; SUPERIOR: Hugh A. McRae, \$1; CURTIS: Carl Thompson Post, \$4; DEER PARK: Eric Vic Post, \$5; NEILLSVILLE: Otto A. Haugen, \$26.20; KIEL: W. H. Johnson, \$5; MENOMONIE: Ada Hoford, \$5; WAUPACA: Norman P. Larson, \$1; RICHLAND CENTER: Bayard De Horst Post, \$7; WAUWATOSA: Bernard Dietrich Post, \$11.12; REEDSBURG: Mrs. C. M. Benedict, \$1; Mrs. M. E. Dunning, \$1; Mr. and Mrs. Leo Darenougue, \$5; FOND DU LAC: George W. Watson, \$10; S. D. Boreham, \$1; Clarence J. Carberry, \$1.

WYOMING, SUNDANCE: William A. Thompson, \$8; WHEATLAND: Francis C. McAuley, \$1; Lusk: C. H. Flick, \$1; JACKSON: Jackson's Hole Post, \$25; BUFFALO: Powder River Post, \$10; POWELL: Hughes Putinger Post, \$20; YODER: Edwards Kent Post, \$10; SHERIDAN: Lena A. Stover, \$2.



When National Commander Owsley told Henry Ford that hundreds of service men in Michigan had to fight their way through barbed red tape to get into Veterans Bureau hospitals, Mr. Ford issued an order that every disabled service man should be admitted to the Henry Ford Hospital in Detroit. This hospital, covering twenty acres, was used by the Army during the war. In the photo are Henry Ford, Mr. Owsley, Edsel Ford and Dr. Robert B. Harkness, Department Commander of Michigan

Make Her Welcome for Keeps, Is the Auxiliary's Idea of Greeting the War Bride



Dr. Kate Waller Barrett, National President of The American Legion Auxiliary, with a group of brides returned from the Rhine and their children

HE was about three years old, and clad from head to toe in an electric blue knitted suit and cap. As the group of women approached him he toddled forward, waved his American flag, and saluted with a small and grimy paw. In very presentable English he said:

"I am American boy. I am in United States. I am good boy. I love my papa. I love my mama."

At the appreciative laugh of his audience he turned and seized the hand of a maiden even smaller than himself, dressed quaintly in a flowered frock with a diminutive white apron tied about her little middle. "Louise, my sweetheart," he announced.

They were the seniors in the little colony of babies brought to America in the transport *St. Mihiel* when the last of the A. E. F. returned from the Rhine, many of its members bringing with them German wives and children. The families were at Fort Screven, Fybee Island, near Savannah, Georgia, and there they were visited by Dr. Kate Waller Barrett, National President of The American Legion Auxiliary, who gave them an official welcome on behalf of the organization.

This welcome by Dr. Barrett was not intended to be only another link in the series of welcomes of today, to be forgotten tomorrow, but was the preliminary to a reception of the German-born wives into the hearts of Auxiliary women in whatever community the newly-arrived mothers and brides ultimately find themselves as permanent citizens.

"It has been borne in on all of us

since the war that we are prone to cheer today and forget tomorrow," said Dr. Barrett in discussing her visit, "and I felt that there was no better agency for extending a real heartfelt and continuing welcome to these soldiers and their wives than the Auxiliary. So I have urged on our Auxiliary units that they follow up these tumultuous greetings which lasted a day or two by a continuing interest which shall extend into the years.

"Material assistance was given those of the little families which needed it, by the American Red Cross. In my visit with the soldiers' wives at Fort Screven I learned that all of the men who were married were obtaining discharges, as of course these 'American millionaires from Germany' could not hope to support their families in the United States on their army pay. Almost without exception the husband already had provided a means for establishing a home.

"I promised the wives that the Auxiliary in those towns would help them. So I have asked the Auxiliary to learn through the local Red Cross chapters when these wives arrive, and to arrange to make them feel at home. Where the husband is eligible to the Legion the wife should be taken into Auxiliary membership.

"I found the wives to be fine, wholesome young women. All spoke English, and of the group I talked to three were college women. Their husbands had prepared them for the difference between those 'millionaire incomes' in the occupied territory and in the United

States of present-day high costs.

"Several thousand of our soldiers brought home wives from Germany, France and Belgium, and I believe we have no more vital task than that of keeping in touch with these war-brides where we can locate them in our communities. They and their children erase the last line of division between ourselves and the peoples we opposed and the peoples who were our Allies in the World War."

Old Soldiers May Fade Away, But They Remember the Army

THE refrain of an old song has it that old soldiers never die, they simply fade away. Carlisle (Pennsylvania) Post of The American Legion recalled that song in March when it put on an Ex-Service Man's Day which was a part of a week's celebration arranged by the Army's Field Medical Service School, located at Carlisle, to show how the Army is spending some of the taxpayer's money. More than 1,700 veterans of the Civil War, the Spanish-American War and the World War lined up for the day's operations and sat down together at a nineteen-cent Army dinner. Old service men and younger service men carried away from the demonstration lessons of the progress which medical science has made in handling war casualties.

The same things shown the service men were shown other organizations on other days of the week. The week's demonstration opened a new line of Legion activity—co-operation with the Regular Army to show by example rather than by precept what is being done for the country's national defense.

The demonstration was conducted in the Field Medical Service School's buildings, which were built in the Revolutionary War period as quarters for a cavalry post and later became famous as the seat of Carlisle University, the government school for Indians. Motion pictures of the medical service classes were shown throughout the week. Lectures were given in a museum which contained rifles, machine guns, trench mortars, hand grenades and other wound-producing weapons, and steel helmets, breast plates, gas masks and other equipment designed to prevent casualties. Field medical chests, tents, rolling kitchens, ambulances and other modern equipment were also exhibited.

Here's a Post That Called on the President

PERHAPS one of the slogans current in Florida is "Everybody Comes to Miami." Anyway, Harvey Seeds Post of the Legion at Miami from time to time has the pleasure of meeting the most important men in American public life, and the post log-book—if it keeps one—should read like an index to Who's Who. In one week this spring the post was received by President and Mrs. Harding, who were returning from a pleasure cruise in Florida waters. The occasion was the first public appearance of Mrs. Harding after her winter illness. Two weeks later the post was addressed by William Jennings Bryan at a meeting given under the joint auspices of the post and the Miami Chamber of Commerce.

ALL honor and respect and care for the wounded was the standing code of all service men, regardless of their roughneck exteriors—often assumed. Even a major who may have appeared hardboiled to his men makes a whole-hearted confession.

THERE can be no possible doubt about the quality of the scares I accumulated during my few brief excursions into the flying hardware zone. But the big thrill came as I stood at the rail of the *Celtic*, about to sail for the good old U. S. A., scarcely two months after the Armistice.

Ours was the last transport due to arrive in God's country before Christmas, and we were impatient to go. Loading was complete, the tide was high, and still we lingered while the great clock which hangs above Liverpool like a full moon marked off one, two, three quarters and finally the hour. The tide was beginning to turn.

Then a great cheer arose from our crowded decks as a line of litters appeared. Pale faces grinned up at us happily, a snappy little American flag in each overseas cap, a lighted cigarette in the corner of each mouth. The Red Cross was sending the boys off in style.

These were our fellows who had been hit in Flanders, fighting alongside the English. They were broken in body but still game. As litter after litter was carried out upon the float we could look down into the faces turned to the tall sides of the ship that meant home.

Say, buddy, did you ever realize that sometimes it is an awful handicap to be a man? Under certain circumstances all a bald-headed major can do is to blow his nose violently and try to look official.—W. C. SMILEY, *Merriam Park, Minnesota.*

THEN there's another way of looking at it. Come to think of it, service was a series of thrills and it taxes a buddy to remember the *one* thrill. An unexpected meeting with an old pal in a base port or training area had as big a kick sometimes as a similar unexpected meeting with a Jerry patrol in No Man's Land.

THRILLS? Sure, we had 'em beaucoup. Who didn't? I'd like to tell of some. Not the dramatic situations, but those little odds and ends we all remember and cherish. Allez!

Acceptance . . . Arrival at camp . . . Those needle warnings . . . Right after that third jab, being handed a pick and shovel . . . The first pass . . . Returning to camp and finding name on the K. P. list . . . The time I forgot myself and said, "Say, loot." . . . Oh, boy . . . First payday . . . Transfers to various camps . . . The once over we got in town the first day we wore the overseas outfit . . . Rumors . . . The first stripes . . . Going over on a French ship . . . Arrival in the safety zone and the hoisting of the American and French flags—that was a thrill! . . . The first day in France . . . A mamselle saying, "Oh, you baybee, ma chérie." . . . First introduction to an M.P. . . . 40 hommes and 8 chevaux . . . The three-day trip in same . . . The arrival at "somewhere in France" . . . The color of the sky the first night of the St. Mihiel affair . . . Air raids . . . A Jerry flying over the hospital and not giving us a tumble . . . Taking care of patients in absolute darkness . . . Letters from home

When the Litters Came Aboard, This Major Almost—Well, He Got His Thrill

. . . Seeing a friend from home in a batch of newly arrived patients . . . The arrival of hundreds of patients on the night of November 11, 1918 . . . In a theatrical unit called the Rimaucourt Detail Dodgers . . . In every place we played, the asking by at least one man if I didn't come from some town or other down South . . . In Paris, having picture taken unawares with General Pershing . . . The promise of the photographer to send me a copy . . . Still waiting . . . Disbanding of show . . . Returning to outfit . . . Travel orders . . . To St. Nazaire . . . Decootieized and whatnot . . . Reviewed by the C-in-C . . . Marching from camp to the boat in pouring rain . . . The States . . . The discharge and the sixty . . . Home . . . Civvies . . . Fond memories and souvenirs.

Summing it all up, the whole adventure was made up of one thrill after another, and they all made up the one big thrill. And for many years to come, in Legion posts, in railway cars, here and there, they will be told and retold. If you don't think so, just watch and listen and you will hear something like this: "I'll never forget the time I was in Chaumont, Tours, Blois, Nancy, etc., etc."—BILL NETCH, *ex-Sgt. 1st class, Base Hospital 58, A.E.F., Capt. Belvidere Brooks Post, New York City.*

THEY do say as how the soldats Américains would run most any risk to get an unusual souvenir. Individual excursions of adventure didn't usually draw a bombardment and an airplane attack at the same time, but this looney seems to have started quite a show of his own. Any more unofficial souvenir patrols you'd like to report to the gang?

THE major had remarked the day before that while up near the Meuse he had seen a remarkably fine black cat enter the ruined village of Douclon, opposite Dun. I had finished a reconnaissance of the hills below and was about to return to my horse when I remembered the words. For a moment I hesitated; then I determined to get the cat. What a stunt it would be to ride back with pussy on the pommel of the saddle and remark casually, "By the way, major, here's that cat you saw. Good souvenir, don't you think?"

Though I had drawn artillery fire on the hills (for the Germans, I believe, had direct observation across the river) Douclon lay quiet in the morning sunlight. In a few minutes I was in the village, which, by the way, isn't much bigger than a baseball diamond. I walked among the streets, peering here and there into every corner. "Here, pussy, pussy, pussy!" I called, and my voice echoed loud against the shattered walls.

What a peaceful place it was. Not a soul anywhere. I came to the river, looked cautiously about, and then peered into part of a barn.

"Here, pussy, pussy—" I began, when *whizz bang!* an Austrian eighty-eight landed behind me right in the center of the village. I dropped beside the barn as another struck the river bank and with a deafening crash sent up a spray of mud and water.

Jumping to my feet, I ran down the street as two more shells landed well inside. As I ran I heard a curious sound

overhead and glancing upwards, saw to my consternation a dozen or more Boche planes

flying low and singing loud.

"They've seen my silver bars!" I thought, unconsciously magnifying the importance of my rank.

With that I dived into a bush beside the last house. In front was an open field, but I did not dare cross it. Behind me the eighty-eights and a battery of seventy-sevens, firing regularly, were ripping stone and plaster into dust and splinters.

Some Allied planes appeared, and during the next quarter of an hour they and the Boches continued to maneuver and exchange shots directly above me.

It was a pretty sight, I suppose—too pretty, in fact. I wanted to get away, cat or no cat, but, possessed with the idea that at least one of the Boche aviators would turn his machine-gun down once I showed myself, I lay there with my face in the dirt and between bursts thought my own thoughts.

They say black cats are good luck, but that isn't what I said of them half an hour later when I reached my horse. Oh, it's all funny enough now, but it wasn't then.—RUSSELL GORDON CARTER (*formerly 1st Lieut., Inf. 32d Division*), *Newton, Mass.*

THE Thrill Editor hereby proclaims absolute neutrality in discussions arising in this department. When, however, a reader's memory may contain other impressions of certain incidents reported, that reader has the privilege of expressing himself through these columns. Here, for instance, is room for an argument.

I HAVE been reading the Thrills and I would like to ask you if you don't think that some of the fellows are hitting the ceiling a little too hard—especially an ex-E Company, 28th Infantry, man.

Now I did not get any thrills out of my experience while in the H Company, 28th Infantry, except when I went to the hospital and out of the fighting, but I do know that this man's story is overdrawn or he may have his dates mixed up some when he tells about digging in on the hill. Well, H Company was behind that same hill and if he will remember, we moved up to the side of the road opposite the first aid station and were there one or two days—I don't remember how long. Then we of the second battalion relieved the first battalion, and the First Division on the night of September 30th relieved the 35th Division, and not the 89th or 90th Division. If I am not mistaken, Major Heubner did not tell anybody to keep their heads down from over the hill, as we were down in the valley and H Company and G Company were the two advance companies, and the major was not thirty yards from where we were stopped on account of machine-gun fire.

Now don't you think that if you were going to tell your thrill to the rest of us, you should be sure of the facts? Any of the fellows formerly with H Company will tell you that this fellow is mistaken.—H. W. LATHROP, *Ex-H Co., 28th Inf., Pittsburgh, Pa.*

AND so the Sibley stove reminiscences run merrily on. What's yours? Tell the Thrill Editor, 627 West 43d Street, New York City. He'll tell the world!

Things Done and Things to Do—the Legion's Leaders Look Back and Then Ahead

THE National Executive Committee of The American Legion, meeting at Indianapolis May 19th and 20th, reviewed an encouraging record of accomplishment and drew new battle orders for the organization's activities before the Fifth National Convention at San Francisco in October. It learned that the Legion's finances are in excellent condition, that there are no outstanding debts, that membership receipts are surpassing those of the same period in the preceding year due to a superior membership-card system and despite the fact that there has been a slight decrease in enrollment, and that National Headquarters is operating nine percent under its budget allowance and has effected a reduction in expenditures of \$53,278.37 in the first four months of this year as compared with the same period last year.

John Thomas Taylor, vice-chairman of the National Legislative Committee, declared in submitting his report that the adjusted compensation bill is certain to pass the next Congress by even greater majorities in the House and Senate than were given at the last session, when the measure was vetoed by President Harding. He said the bill could be passed, if necessary, over the President's veto. His prediction, he declared, was based on a census of the members of both House and Senate which included definite commitments of newly-elected representatives and senators.

Mr. Taylor listed these six objectives which the Legion will fight for in the next Congress:

1. Additional amendments to the War Risk Insurance Bill to overcome defects and omissions in the recently-enacted Sweet Bill and to bring many thousand service men now denied their rights within the class of beneficiaries.

2. The Adjusted Compensation Bill, substantially in the same form as passed by the last Congress.

3. A consolidated committee of Congress to handle everything affecting the service man's interests.

4. The Bursum Bill, giving disabled emergency officers the same retirement rights as possessed by Regular Army officers.

5. A universal service bill providing that in any future war capital, labor and every national resource be drafted into the service of the Government on the same basis as man-power, thus eliminating profiteering and distributing the burden of carrying on any future war.

6. Erection of a national archives building.

Joe Sparks, chairman of the National Rehabilitation Committee, said that the Legion had been betrayed by political trickery in the closing hours of the last session of Congress when the Sweet Bill amendments were shorn of provisions which would make them effective. He said the amendments actually helped only 1,000 men, not 15,000, as hoped, and that the sufferers would be mostly men suffering with tuberculosis unable to give proof that their disease developed within a specified time limit. Mr. Sparks declared that five

years after discharge must be established as the period in which proof of service origin will be presumed.

National Commander Alvin Owsley denounced the War Department and the Secretary of War for the failure of Congress to pass the Bursum Bill giving disabled emergency officers the same rights as Regular Army officers, and he declared that General Pershing shares in the blame. "The Legion is asked to support the military training camps each year," said Mr. Owsley. "We can give these camps our formal endorsement, but I believe we should take the stand that we can not in fairness urge the young men of this country to prepare themselves to make the sacrifices war demands until the War Department changes its unfair position. We must have equality off the battlefield as well as on it."

John Quinn, national executive committeeman from California, stated that the national convention committee is preparing to establish the best standard of conduct during the San Francisco convention and is confident that it can preserve the spirit of camaraderie but repress any conditions which might jeopardize the Legion's name and reputation. Special efforts will be made, he said, to check the camp-followers and other disreputable elements which were largely responsible for past happenings at conventions that were blamed on Legionnaires.

Mr. Quinn, presenting the report of a committee on Legion tours, recommended that each department east of the Mississippi make arrangements for its own members' tour to San Francisco under the direction of a recognized tourists' agency. He also pointed out that trips to San Francisco by way of the Panama Canal involve a minimum of twenty days each way.

THE executive committee adopted the following resolution after a long discussion of the Legion's attitude toward the Ku Klux Klan:

"The American Legion, in national executive session, wishes the citizens of our beloved country to know that she must consider as unfriendly to our nation any individual, group or organization which condemns a comrade because of creed or belief."

The committee also extended a vote of thanks to the American Red Cross for making an additional appropriation for the support of the fourteen district Liaison men of the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee. Another resolution was passed thanking the Knights of Columbus for the donation of a large amount to be used in relief work among needy service men suffering with tuberculosis in the Southwestern States.

The committee made these other decisions, by resolution or otherwise:

Called on the Federal Government and state governments to make surveys of all service men confined in penitentiaries to determine those prisoners whose offenses result from mental disabilities or abnormalities, with a view to obtaining special hospital treatment for them.

Authorized the National Director of

Americanism to proceed with arrangements for the publication of an unprejudiced textbook of American history, the National Commander to appoint a special committee to allot the contract for publication of the book, The American Legion to share in the profits, the text of the history to be submitted to the National Executive Committee before publication. One volume of the projected history has already been completed, it was announced.

Condemned the National Civil Service Reform League for its opposition to preference for World War veterans in the civil service. A committee was authorized to investigate reported discrimination against service men.

Indorsed a projected topical motion picture of news events, humor and animated cartoons, to be prepared under the direction of The American Legion Film Service and distributed to motion-picture theaters throughout the country.

Assured foreign posts and departments that the Legion recognizes its obligation to help Legionnaires stranded abroad and will ask Congress to make provisions to help those whose misfortunes are due to their war service, and stated the principle that foreign posts extending direct aid to individuals should communicate with the posts to which they belong, giving such aid as the posts communicated with direct and no more.

Decreed that the Hanford MacNider trophy be awarded at each National Convention to the department making the greatest gain in membership over the preceding year, that the Franklin D'Olier trophy be awarded to the department annually having the highest percentage of eligible service men as members. Gold plates for the color staffs of the departments winning the trophies will also be provided. It was announced that the Department of Illinois will contribute a trophy in honor of Past Commander Milton J. Foreman.

Forbade posts selling to business houses "patron's rights" including the privilege of displaying the Legion's emblem on show windows.

Authorized the National Commander to draw up ritual and other forms for the organization of units of the Fathers Auxiliary.

Declared that the National Constitutions and policies of The American Legion and The American Legion Auxiliary must be in accord and that where a difference exists the National Constitution of the Legion shall be accepted as deciding a controversial point.

Authorized the National Commander to appoint a committee to study the advisability of establishing an American Legion Press Association including publishers of all department and post publications.

Directed the Legion Committee which made a contract on a profit-sharing basis with the publishers of the Official Source Records of the World War to take steps to prevent objectionable solicitation methods by salesmen.

Directed that the Oriental Affairs Committee be continued and that it make a further study of the Pacific Coast Japanese situation and report to the San Francisco convention.

Declared in favor of a national law prohibiting the use of languages other than English as the medium of instruction and permitting teaching of a foreign language only as a study of the tongue itself.

Authorized a study of the annuity system of Canada, one of the benefits accorded Canadian service men, by a committee which will report to the San Francisco convention.

Directed the National Legislative Committee to take steps to have the War Department or Congress assign the sum of \$482,032, representing the profits on the publication of The Stars and Stripes, official newspaper of the A. E. F. up to its discontinuance in June, 1919, as a permanent fund for the maintenance and care of American graves overseas.

LEGION LIBRARY

Book Service

BOOKS of value to individual Legionnaires and to Legion post libraries are made available to readers of the Weekly through special arrangements with the publishers. This week particular attention is called to the first book listed, which should be a valued possession of every Legionnaire.

A HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN LEGION. By Marquis James. An accurate and absorbing account of the Legion by a man who has been on the inside of Legion history ever since the organization's inception in Paris. It tells the story of the Legion from the Paris and St. Louis caucuses in 1919 through the New Orleans National Convention. Fully indexed. 320 pages. 32 illustrations. Price: \$2.50.

THE PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE 27TH DIVISION. Over 300 official photographs of the N.Y.D.'s send-off parade, training at Camp Wadsworth, all operations in France, post-Armistice period, home-coming. Citations and decorations. Chronology of activities. Foreword by Maj. Gen. O'Ryan. 8 x 10 inches. 244 pages. Price: \$2.75.

THE AMERICAN ARMY IN FRANCE. Forty reproductions in color of pictures by J. F. Bouchor, official painter to the French Armies, including portraits of Marshal Foch, General Pershing and other Allied leaders. Illustrations of American troop activities overseas. Explanatory text by Captain David Gray, U.S.A. All pictures mounted on stiff gray paper, suitable for framing. 11 x 14 inches. Price: \$3.25.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE 26TH DIVISION. Five hundred official pictures. Ten thousand recognizable faces in group pictures. Brief history. Honor roll. Citations. Foreword by Maj. Gen. Edwards. 320 pages. 8 x 11 inches. Price: Cloth, \$5; leather, \$8.

THE VICTORY AT SEA. By Rear-Admiral William S. Sims. The story of all phases of the work of the United States Navy in the World War. 410 pages. Price: \$3.20.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE. By Lt. Col. Jennings C. Wise. An unembellished, accurate account of Cantigny, Château-Thierry and the Marne-to-the-Vesle fighting, in which the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 26th, 28th, 32d and 42d Divisions participated. Maps. 255 pages. Price: \$1.60.

OUR 110 DAYS' FIGHTING. By Arthur W. Page. A concise story of the organization and combat participation of American troops from Cantigny to the Armistice. Tabloid histories of all A. E. F. divisions. Maps. 283 pages. Price: \$2.50.

OUR GREATEST BATTLE. By Frederick Palmer. A comprehensive account of the Meuse-Argonne offensive by America's foremost war correspondent. Maps. 617 pages. Price: \$2.50.

HISTORY OF THE 79TH DIVISION. The official account of its organization, fighting, and return home. Honor roll. Citations. Over 200 photographs. 510 pages. Price: \$5.

HISTORY OF THE 29TH DIVISION. Official report of organization and all activities. Complete divisional roster. 240 photographs. 493 pages. Price: \$5.

HISTORY OF THE FOURTH DIVISION. Official history of its World War service. 60 photographs. Maps. 368 pages. Price: \$2.

Prices listed are net and include packing and mailing charges. Send order with remittance to the Legion Library, 627 West 43d Street, New York City.

Then and Now

ONCE was just a homesick gob,
A-sittin' on a ditty-box,
An' no one never wrote to me,
An' I was stranded on the rocks.

Then life was hard, it seemed to me,
There wa'n't no time for revelry,
But only bright work, scrubbin' down,
An' quarters, drills, and reveille.

I've been a civvie eighteen months
But when old shipmates ups an' talks,
I wish once more I was a gob,
A-sittin' on a ditty box.—S. B. H.

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Where Are These South Dakotans?

THE Soldiers' Compensation Board of South Dakota is trying to locate thirty-five former service men, one-time residents of that State, in order to send them their state adjusted compensation checks. All of these men made application for compensation and their claims were approved. Checks were mailed to them at the addresses given but were returned to the board unclaimed, because in the meantime the men had moved and had left no forwarding addresses. If the men listed below or anyone who knows them will forward their present correct addresses to the South Dakota Soldiers' Compensation Board, Pierre, South Dakota, checks will be mailed.

BARTONICEK, Frank, Veblen, S. D.; BATEMAN, Joseph W., Belle Fourche, S. D.; BERGH, Daniel C., Onida, S. D.; BOGARDUS, Phil Sheridan, c/o Harrison Miller, Southwest City, Mo.; BRELSFORD, John Hicheck, Phoenix, Ariz.

CANNON, Leslie H., Carter, S. D.; CAREY, Ralph W., Madera, Cal.; CHRISTENSEN, Carl Lee, Galveston, Tex.

DUFFY, Bernard A., Lake Preston, S. D.

EDWARDS, George Charles, No. Dearborn st., Chicago; ELISWORTH, Elmer E., Fort Miley, San Francisco, Cal.

FARLEY, Thomas, Denver, Colo.; FOX, John R., Winnett, Mont.; FRANK, Vernie Otto, Centerville, S. D.

GOLDY, Frank E., Evanston, Wyo.

HAY, Clarence N., Belleville, Ontario, Canada.

JOHNSON, Anton, Akron, O.

KIRSCH, Elizabeth, S., Omaha, Neb.

LEE, Oscar, Medicine Hat, Alta., Canada; LOFGREN, John W., Lake Norden, S. D.

MARSALEK, Frank, Lake Andes, S. D.; MASON, Clifford C. Hayes, S. D.; MYKLAND, Axel, Sioux Falls, S. D.

NORMAN, Gus, Vermilion, S. D.

PETERSON, Christian M. Clark, S. D.

RICHARDSON, Charlston A., Gatun, Canal Zone, RYAN, Eugene H., Morris, Minn.

SCHUR, Harm, Alexandria, S. D.; SIMPSON, Roy M., Huron, S. D.; SMITH, Arthur, Los Angeles, Cal.; SMITH, Arthur James, 308 Second st., Mapleton, Minn.; SMITH, Elmer, Winner, S. D.; SVEEN, Norman A. N., Grand Forks, N. D.

TINKELBERG, William, Corsica, S. D.

ZICK, Arthur G., 40 W. 9th st., St. Paul, Minn.

The Profiteer Hunt

(Continued from page 7)

United States to the Yale & Towne company of \$642,823. In both cases the Yale & Towne bids had been the lowest that were received.

Business on this basis was entirely satisfactory to the Government. The Yale & Towne company made its deliveries promptly, the quality of its workmanship was excellent and it was turning out fuse setters at a much lower price than the Government hitherto had been obliged to pay. This was the state of affairs when on September 18, 1918, the Ordnance Department received from J. A. Horne, vice-president of the Yale & Towne company, an unusual letter.

Mr. Horne set forth that when the company undertook to manufacture fuse setters it based its price on the best information obtainable from the Frankford Arsenal and other sources, quoting prices of \$68.95 and \$64.39 "not without some misgiving," because it was feared the company might not be able to make the setters at this figure. This would mean a financial loss, as there were no cost-plus agreements. Experience had shown, however, that the company had been able to make "these fuse setters at a much lower cost than originally contemplated."

"Therefore," concluded Mr. Horne, "we believe it is just and proper for this company to offer to the Government a substantial reduction in the price of both the 1912 and 1913 models, as covered by our present contracts, and to accept new business at these reduced prices. The detail method of effecting this reduction may be arranged at a conference with the proper officer in the Ordnance Department at his convenience."

When the Yale & Towne representative arrived in Washington the Ordnance Department received another shock. The "substantial reduction" exceeded all anticipations, and there was not a string attached. Yale & Towne

was willing practically to cut its prices in two. The contracts were redrawn and the price on the \$68.95 articles was reduced to \$38. The price of the \$64.39 fuse setter was cut to \$33. By these reductions the public saved \$302,723, which otherwise would have been clear velvet for the Yale & Towne Manufacturing Company.

Extreme modesty marked the behavior of the contractor in this negotiation. He desired no publicity, no praise—nothing. By no word or sign did he indicate that he was conscious of doing anything that was not his duty toward the country whose service he had accepted. This self-effacement may or may not have something to do with the fact that one searches in vain for the name of Yale & Towne on the "honor roll" of 102 contractors whom the Ordnance Department recommended for the distinguished service certificates which the War Department distributed among contractors who seemed to be especially deserving.

These citations are impressively engraved pieces of parchment. One would lend a touch of distinction, framed and hanging in an office. But none hangs in the office of Yale & Towne, and perhaps it does not matter so much. The profiteer hunt promises to reveal some peculiar situations in the affairs of a few such "decorated" concerns. The truth is that not all of the 102 ordnance citations were actually issued. Last-minute discoveries prompted officials to hold in abeyance a few of them even after the signatures of former Secretary of War Baker and former Assistant Secretary Crowell had been affixed and everything was in readiness for the bestowals. The dealings of several firms who did receive certificates have lately come under official inquiry.

Since it began its discussion of war contractors and their profits the Weekly time and again has made the statement that the majority of contract-



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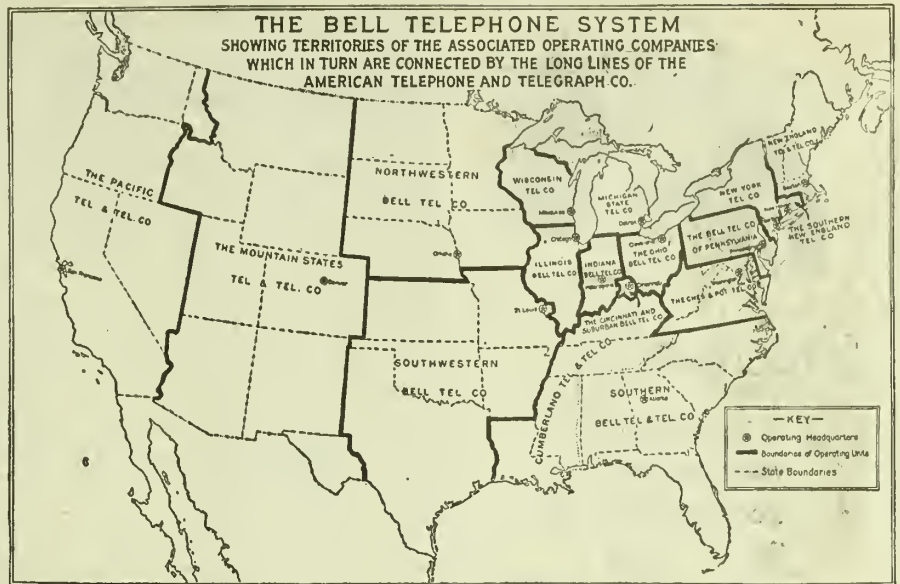
ors served their country in absolute good faith so far as observance of their pledged word was concerned. But is there anything particularly noteworthy or commendable in that? The war-time contractor usually found rich material rewards for his virtue. Honesty should be taken for granted, and the recent activities of the War Department and the Attorney-General indicate that, as the old maxim says, it is the best policy.

When the Weekly decided to publish an account of the services of several particularly meritorious contractors it went for assistance to an Army officer who has had a great deal of experience with contractors and who has most of their records in his charge. It was suggested that the Weekly's wants could be readily supplied. Would not a statement of the activities of the "cited" contractors fill the bill? he was asked. "Not always," the official replied. "In most instances the contractor in question made large profits. He was well paid for his service. As I understand it, you want instances in which the merit of a service is based on sacrifice—something the contractor gave up or denied to himself for the sake of his country, rendering a service comparable with the service rendered by the Army and Navy."

Aid was solicited in other quarters, and for nearly a month a considerable corps of clerks was digging among the records seeking outstanding examples of unselfish service by war contractors. Progress seemed slow, and when the Weekly representative revisited the officer quoted above he explained his difficulties. He was seeking only such cases as would stand up, he said, in the light of a most searching review of not one or a few, but all of a given contractor's business dealings with the Government. He said it might be possible for him to cite a single example of magnanimous conduct on the part of a contractor, after which further investigation would disclose this to be merely an isolated example; it might represent one of twenty-nine contracts held by the same company, in twenty-eight of which the Government got the short end of the rope.

The quest was not fruitless, and the Yale & Towne case is presented as one that will stand up. When Yale & Towne engaged to make fuse setters for artillery it tackled an article that was strange to its manufacturing processes. It was not sure, by a wide margin, what the fabrication processes would cost. On the basis of the best information obtainable it rendered an estimate, an estimate calculated to cover maximum costs and return a fair profit. Up to that point there is no difference between the action of Yale & Towne and ninety-nine out of every one hundred contractors. Production began, and Yale & Towne found it could make fuse setters for half what it had thought it could. It quietly stepped up and refunded the balance to the Government. That is the circumstance that marks out Yale & Towne.

These points contrast strangely with the behavior of other contractors whose affairs we have observed. We have seen that it was a common experience for a contractor to discover, as Yale & Towne did, that the initial estimate of cost was too high—sometimes one hundred percent too high. And it was a common experience for contractors to collect that profit and to increase it. Inexperienced government officials were to blame to an extent. We have seen



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Such a service is the service of the Bell System. Two hundred and fifty thousand employees and

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Linking together the Associated Companies is the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. It operates the long distance lines, develops nation-wide policies, standards of practice and equipment for the improvement of the service and for the benefit of all.

In this commonwealth of service the best interests of the nation and the community are equally served.



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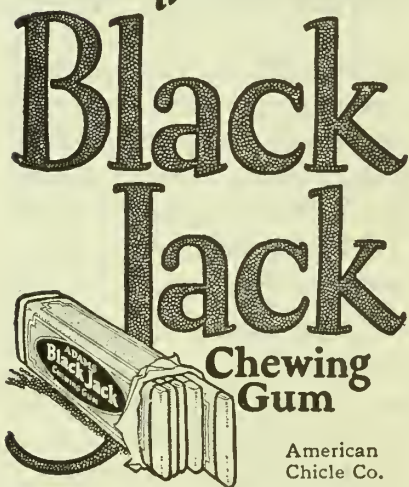


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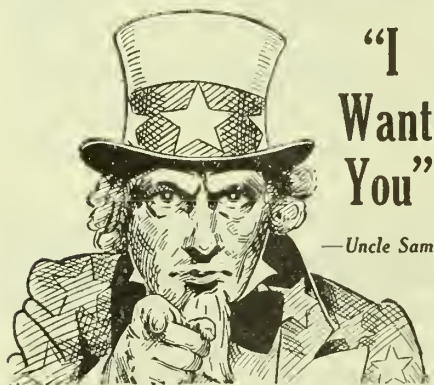
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other examples in which contracts were drafted with the intent of reducing profits, but, according to recent audits, actually increased them. We have reviewed one case in which a Government official reports that a contractor—the American Electro Products Company—deliberately imposed "unreasonable" terms on the Government, because, it was said, this firm did not want a contract. The Government, either through necessity or ignorance, accepted the "unreasonable" terms.

We have seen these things and more. Most of us know, furthermore, from our own experience, that next to the gouging vendors of food and clothing the profiteering landlord was able to bring his handiwork closest the hearth and purse of the average citizen. Uncle Sam was one of his most conspicuous victims. Roofs could not be built rapidly enough to house the vast organization required to handle the war.

Early in 1918 the Ordnance Department's district office at Chicago, from which was supervised the enormous production activities of that teeming industrial region, had outgrown everything in the way of quarters. Twelve thousand square feet of office space was required, and required at once, if the work was to go on without a hitch. The thousands who were trying to rent nothing more commodious than a three-room-and-kitchenette apartment in Chicago in 1918 will appreciate the situation of the young officer who was detailed to "engage such quarters," as if it were as easy as purchasing an apple of Socrates's countryman who conducts a sidewalk fruit emporium at Madison and Wells.

It proved, however, little more difficult. The officer received a call from John Baskerville, a Chicago property owner, who said he understood the Army was looking for office space. The burdened officer felt a great weight roll from his shoulders when Mr. Baskerville announced that he had just 12,000 feet available, and the specifications suited the Army to a T.

"Now as to the terms, Mr. Baskerville?" inquired the officer when these details had been settled.

"Oh, merely the upkeep—your share of heat, insurance and taxes," replied the owner. "I want to do my bit in the war."

A lease was drawn up on these terms "for the duration of the war," neither the officer nor Mr. Baskerville having the least idea as to whether the war was to end in ten months or ten years. Mr. Baskerville interposed no technicalities as to the literal meaning of the duration clause, and the Army occupied most of his six-story building rent free for nine months after the Armistice was signed.

The Ford Motor Company's war contracts were among the most extensive in the country. To mention only a few things, the Ford organization produced Eagle boats for the Navy, Liberty motors for the Air Service, tractors, artillery, steel helmets, tanks and small gasoline-propelled vehicles which a visitor from Mars might remark was one of the distinguishing characteristics of the earth. Some of the Ford Air Service contracts are now under investigation, and the writer was informed from a trustworthy source that the Government will present a large claim for the return of alleged overpayments.

If this is true, the Ford company's

business dealings with the Government present some striking contrasts. The company received a distinguished service certificate for "the perfection of manufacturing processes and production of caisson material for 4.7-inch guns and 155 mm. howitzers." The particulars of the caisson engagement are these. A series of cost plus ten percent contracts were signed beginning in December of 1917 calling for an estimated aggregate outlay by the Government of \$12,986,160. Costs fell below expectations—an unusual thing in cost-plus contracts—and when the Armistice came the material was about seventy-five percent completed and the Government had paid out only a little more than \$6,000,000, or half what it expected to spend.

Then came the "termination contract" by which the Ford company's affairs with the Government were wound up. In earlier articles we have shown how contractors profited enormously by these "termination" agreements, which were drafted almost always in the greatest haste. Such agreements sometimes were made to contain provisions entirely contrary to the original agreements they were supposed to terminate. Now, by the standards that prevailed, the Ford company had legitimate ground to present a claim for settlement, by termination contract or otherwise, totaling probably more than a million dollars. It could present evidence of all sorts of expensive preparations to complete the remaining quarter of the contract and, if as shrewd as some contractors, it could have actually collected more in cash than it would have made had the remainder of the contract been fulfilled. It could have claimed additionally many hundreds of thousands under such headings as "depreciation," "amortization," "overhead," "increased facilities." A Government official who is familiar with such matters declared the Ford company probably could have obtained an award of half a million dollars in settlement of this prematurely terminated contract. As it was it settled for a few thousand dollars covering materials to be used making caisson parts which had actually been bought and paid for by the Ford company.

Cinderella had her fairy prince, who exhibited all the qualities of a good supply sergeant when the matter of a glass slipper opened the doors of the mediaeval four hundred to that obscure young lady on the eve of the swellest social crush of the season. The fledgling A. E. F. had the Allies. For borrowed finery Mlle. Cinderella had nothing on Pete Doughboy, treading the frozen roads to the front in the winter of 1917. French airplanes flew overhead and French artillery lay in his rear; a French one-pounder and a British Stokes mortar stood guard at the regimental P. C.; the machine-gun company was provided with the Hotchkiss (French), and the funny little Chauchat automatic kept watch in the front-line trench. The lieutenant lugged a Very pistol and his men carried French gas masks at their sides and wore British helmets on their heads.

Pershing eabled early for steel helmets, and the War Department sought bids. The lowest received was thirty-one cents per helmet, until the Ford Motor Company offered to make a million of them at cost plus ten percent

with a guaranteed maximum price of thirty-one cents, and offered to refund to the Government all savings under thirty-one cents. The Government accepted and paid \$310,000 in advance. When the Ford company had delivered 955,516 helmets it announced the cost had been 10 1-3 cents each and wrote the Government out a check for \$197,000. Every steel helmet that went overseas came from the triangular-shaped plant of Henry Ford at Philadelphia. The Ford engineers were able to make them for one-third of what the Government was prepared to pay because they induced the Government to alter slightly the specifications, which resulted in a better piece of head-gear at the lower price. This service, for which the Ford company made no charge, saved the Government about \$500,000, which the Ford interests could have added to their profits if they had desired.

The 27,000,500 yards of pure silk which the War Department ordered from the Far East would have sufficed for the needs of a good many Cinderellas. It transpires, however, that this cloth was requested for another purpose entirely. It was used in loading cartridges. The Government's principal agent in this transaction was the Allied Silk Trading Corporation of New York, which held orders for 16,900,000 yards, a large part of which was delivered before the Armistice brought a truce to operations.

Early in the war this contractor undertook to supply 6,900,000 yards at cost plus 7½ percent. Those were busy days. The Government was away behind with the actual drafting of contracts, and M. C. Migel, president of the silk corporation, volunteered to begin operations without waiting for a formal contract. He trusted the Government to make good its verbal promise, which it did on January 1, 1918. By this time the contractor had procured large quantities of silk in Japan and was turning it over to the Government. He had working capital to the extent of \$500,000 tied up in the operation.

When Mr. Migel undertook this service he had only a rough idea of what it would let him in for. Indeed, he did not even have a legal contract—not a scrap of paper which could have bound the Government to buy any silk he might bring from the Orient. In view of these uncertainties he felt a profit of 7½ percent would not be exorbitant. He found through experience that his difficulties were less than he had made allowance for, so on May 6, 1918, he wrote the contract section of the Ordnance Department a letter in which he said:

When the Allied Silk Trading Corporation undertook to assist the Ordnance Department in the manufacture of 7,000,000 yards of cartridge cloth there was no desire on their part to undertake this work particularly for profit. The 7½ percent commission arranged at the time the contract was placed was accepted with the idea of safeguarding the company from any possible losses that might have occurred in the execution of the contract.

It gives us great pleasure, therefore, to inform you that, owing to the fact that payments have been prompt, requirements have been within the bounds of reason and prompt and ready assistance rendered by the Ordnance Department, the Allied Silk Trading Corporation has decided to reduce their commission on this contract from 7½ percent to three percent (and possibly less at their discretion) on the entire amount

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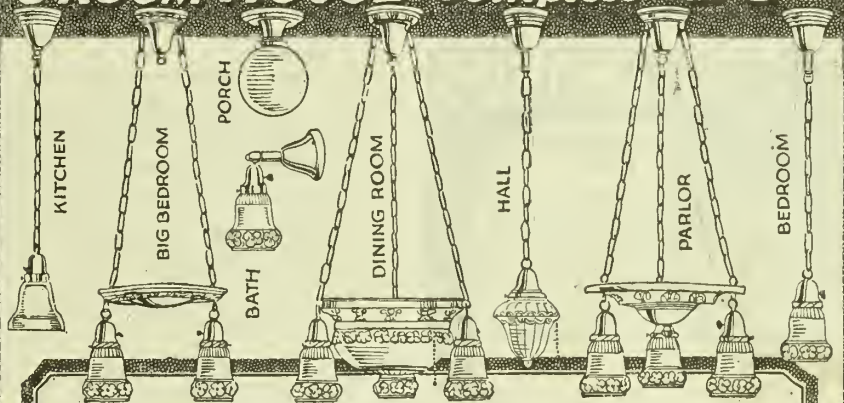
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of the contract, making a gain of between \$200,000 and \$300,000 for the Government.

It is understood that we are not to be relieved of any responsibility in our work under this contract because of this change. . . . The spirit we are endeavoring to display we hope will be emulated by others.

Inter-departmental Memorandum P423.71—2216, dated June 18, 1918, from Contract Section to Cost Accounting Branch, subject Contract No. War-Ord-G958-374E, contains inscriptions as rare as some of those discovered in the tomb of the late Tut-ankh-Amen. It reads:

1. The Allied Silk Trading Corp. had a contract dated January 1, 1918, calling for

6,900,000 yards of silk cartridge cloth. This contract was on a cost plus 7½ percent basis. The contractor has magnanimously agreed to reduce his profit to three percent.

The profits which the Allied Silk Trading Corporation declined to accept totaled more than half a million dollars. This contractor received a distinguished service certificate.

So much to indicate the manner in which the industrial estate, in certain instances, served the country. The profiteer hunt will not lead in the direction of these Americans.

This is the final instalment of Mr. James's series on "The Profiteer Hunt."

The Masquerader

(Continued from page 4)

branch. The check was forged. The French police raged.

Then one afternoon, so we learned later, "Colonel" Benny Stein, accompanied by "Captain" John Blake and "Lieutenant" Harry Keyes (actually privates and deserters), drove along the road which runs beside the Loire from Angers to Tours. "Colonel" Stein, with the eagles of assumed rank on his shoulder, the insignia of the Inspector General's Department on his collar, and the blue, white and red of General Headquarters adorning his left sleeve, sank back comfortably into the luxurious cushions of a large automobile for which the Commanding General of the District of Paris was conducting a frantic search at that moment.

The party traveled swiftly. At a railway siding in a small town along the route they came upon two freight cars loaded with American leather and bound for the army shoe repair shops near Romorantin. The doors of the cars were open; nearby stood a pair of elegant Frenchmen who were examining the contents of the cars as best they could.

"Colonel" Stein ordered his car halted. The bogus captain, acting the part of adjutant, called the masquerading lieutenant, who was the "colonel's" aide-de-camp, and directed him to question the Frenchmen. The strangers approached the American car, explaining that they were shoe manufacturers from Angers and interested in the fine quality of the leather.

"Yes," sighed Stein, "it's fine leather. It is a shame to sell it now. What we get for it won't pay the cost of transporting it overseas."

"What do you mean?" The Frenchmen became interested.

"The Government has ordered it sold—anything to get rid of it." Stein shook his head sadly, taking off his cap and exposing his new gray wig. He looked at the civilians through an impressive pair of horn-rimmed glasses.

"Who will sell it? When? Where?" asked the shoemakers.

"I will," Stein answered. "I am commissioned to get rid of it as quickly as possible."

"How much?" the Frenchmen asked.

"What will you give?" Stein countered.

The shoemakers figured. They examined the leather closely and offered a small sum. Stein laughed. They raised the sum. He named a higher

one. Within a short time they had come to terms. Private Stein was ready to take the money. But no! The French shoemakers suddenly demanded that he deliver the goods to their factory at Angers. Private Stein pondered, then promised.

A startled lieutenant in charge of the American roundhouse nearby was summoned to the car of a very stern colonel. The latter demanded that a switch engine be made available at once on the siding where the "surplus" leather stood.

"By the way," the "colonel" commented sharply, "my adjutant reports that your roundhouse is filthy. Your name?" He took out his notebook.

The trembling lieutenant confessed his name and produced an engine. Its engineer hauled the cars where he was bid.

Private Stein proceeded elegantly with his retinue to Angers. There he visited at once the headquarters of a Negro labor battalion. The barracks were dirty—the commanding officer was anxious to please. At Private Stein's suggestion twenty men hurried in a motor truck to unload the leather.

Stein pocketed the check—40,000 francs—and cashed it in Tours that night. The two carloads of leather still were reported "missing" when the A. E. F. closed up shop and came home.

The "colonel" went on to Monte Carlo. Afterward he told me it was an unsuccessful trip.

"We just broke even," he explained mournfully, "and I had to go back to Paris for funds."

It was on that return journey, in the billeting area near Lyon, that Private Stein first learned that police were following him. One night "Captain" John Blake, his adjutant, heard American officers in a café tell a story of a man masquerading as a colonel. The suspicion touched Stein's perverted pride.

He plunged in boldly. The next day he passed the camp of the troops in that area, men were drilling in a fine drizzle. He went for their commanding officer; brusquely, all the time stamping his feet angrily, he demanded an explanation. Why were troops, good American troops, drilled in the rain?

"I ranked him," he explained afterward. "He was only a lieutenant colonel."

While the bona fide colonel stammered with embarrassment, bogus Stein ordered the men into the barracks.

"And if the rain is stopped by three o'clock this afternoon," he added as his car rolled away, "I will inspect your command with full equipment here on the drill field."

"The rain stopped at noon," he related months afterward when he was bragging of this exploit. "At three o'clock there they were, a whole regiment out on the field. I guess it was a regiment—I don't know much about those things. They had their equipment. Say, I never knew what the poor private had to carry on his back. I left all my stuff on shipboard."

He laughed and tilted back his chair, there in the guardhouse in Brest where I visited him.

"That lieutenant colonel was sure scared. The officers were scared. I got out of my machine and walked over to this big boob, and he walked to meet me. He stopped, saluted, and said that the command was formed.

"I frowned, and didn't answer his salute. Of course not! The upper left pocket of his blouse was unbuttoned.

"Colonel," I said, "a man of your service should know better than to come out half-dressed before all these troops. Police up!"

"He begged my pardon, buttoned up his pocket and saluted again. I replied, and proceeded with inspection. I bet those men remember it! I found nothing about the privates to complain of. I just asked them if they were getting enough food, and if they didn't want more baseball equipment, and if they weren't being drilled too hard. But when I came to an officer! Every one, I found, had something wrong with him. Their knees weren't together, their eyes weren't to the front, their hair wasn't cut right. I made a good colonel. I always worried about officers' hair. But the men? I should say not. I was a private myself once."

The trail of Private Stein to Paris and along the boulevards was one of silent, crafty humor. Uncle Sam and his officers, French civilians and soldiers were the marks for his jokes. He made money. Across his hollow chest appeared three strings of service bars and decorations. Every time he saw a new ribbon in a shop window he bought it and pinned it on seriously.

High finance caused his ruin. It came late in the summer of 1919, just when the police were tired of looking for him.

Private Stein argued that a partner of equal skill would bring him even more success. He looked warily over the field of criminals. Gun toters were barred—to steal expertly one used brains. Among the eligibles was a man whom we will call Frank Cummings.

Cummings, who was a deserter of as long experience as Stein, was operating just then in Paris as President of the American Continental Development Company. Just how fully Private Stein agreed to co-operate with him I do not know. Stein would never tell.

Cummings' specialty was stocks and bonds. When the Paris D. C. I. captured him he had already sold to Parisians thousands of dollars' worth of stock in the Métro, the Paris subway. In a raid on his office D. C. I. operators found the plates with which he had printed stock certificates in the Eiffel tower. One Frenchman even claimed that Cummings or Stein, he could not say which, had sold him the majority share in a bridge over the river Seine.

Private Stein waxed wealthy. His enterprise with Cummings had netted him a fortune of 400,000 francs. The forces of the law began to close in on him. Regardless of them, he risked one more coup. To a tailor who found business slack—one of the big cheap establishments where suits are turned out by the thousands—he magnanimously offered to give a contract for re-uniforming the entire American army.

All he asked for this immense favor was one little bribe—a mere 20,000 francs. He signed the contract for a quarter million suits and pocketed the bribe. When last heard from by his creditors, the tailor had started for Switzerland, leaving two warehouses full of half-completed serge uniforms.

But the hunt for Stein was on in earnest. One obstacle checked it: Every Frenchman described his personal appearance differently. No one in the D. C. I. had ever seen him.

Each night came the report that he had been recognized around the dance halls with a particularly attractive young woman. What did he look like? Our French informer very likely shrugged his shoulders and answered, "Like an American!" If the M. P.'s ever stopped him, a colonel, he showed what seemed good credentials and they let him alone.

He played his tricks even on the boys of the D. C. I. Unsuspicious as to who he was, they accepted his drinks when he met them up in Montmartre. One evening, shaking with secret laughter, he even inspected the office of the provost marshal in Paris. Accompanying him were several officers whom he knew best.

All this we learned after his arrest and during his trial. In the meantime he disappeared.

When he turned up, it was with a new woman.

And here entered a former grisette. She appeared, scorned and enraged, before the French police with her story. They attempted an arrest; Stein hit one gendarme over the head and escaped, leaving a discomfited force.

The D. C. I., the intelligence department, the military police, the French bureau, the gendarmerie and Scotland Yard rolled up their sleeves. Here was a criminal worthy of their chains.

I do not remember now which individual captured him first, though I believe it was Captain Keith of the Paris D. C. I. office, one of the most energetic and capable officers in the organization. But Stein didn't stay long. No one knows how he escaped; he did. At his second arrest in a north-side hotel the attack was led by Sergeant Murphy, likewise of the Paris force. Sergeant Murphy, a short, fiery, nineteen-year-old lad, became later an officer of the French police.

Stein was surrounded, chained and handcuffed. He promptly took off the handcuffs, said they annoyed him, and handed them back to his captors. He was stripped and an entirely new outfit of clothes presented to him. No sooner was he dressed in the fresh, inspected uniform then he reached his fingers into a pocket and withdrew a thousand-franc note. The police of three nations were mystified.

Money appeared mysteriously all the time he was in arrest—one morning on his finger gleamed a new diamond ring; no one knows to this day where it came from. He refused to talk before his trial. Although for eleven months his



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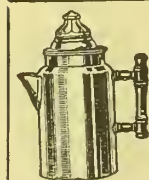
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life had been an outlaw's, the police could secure only a few points on which to convict him.

The military court sentenced him to fifteen years in Leavenworth. Then, when he was sure that an avenging justice could do no more to him, and while influential New York friends attempted to gain his pardon, he sat through long evenings in the guardhouse and told the D. C. I. operators these stories at their own expense.

His money?

Those Peacetime Ships of Ours

(Continued from page 6)

home. Its men do not know of hard times except as they read the papers. It pays top wages and each year hires a few more men. There have been no strikes, no lockouts, no quarrels.

"It has won a place for its output in South America," said the banker who handled the account. "It has always been able to run to capacity on its domestic business plus its foreign trade."

If we do not have our own merchant marine we will be at the mercy of our European competitors. Business is business. Let me put that more elaborately.

Suppose our internal prosperity to be as booming as we would wish. More work than men. Wages going up, more care on the road, more built-in bathtubs, more electric washing machines. We are shipping abroad that fifteen percent of our manufactures which we cannot use at home. Likewise we are sending corn and rice and cotton and wheat and flour and pork and shoes and sewing machines. Then some European nation goes to war and—pop! Our balloon of prosperity bursts. Because we have been shipping in foreign bottoms.

That happened when Great Britain had a war with the Boers. We had been happy, busy, getting rich, shipping our exports and getting in our imports under foreign flags. England needed all the ships she could lay hands on to send her men and munitions to Africa. Freight rates went skyhigh, our exports stopped (save such exports as Great Britain needed), our imports were partially cut off. The value of our farm crops slumped one-third. No one blamed Great Britain. But there are the facts. We lost enough out of our own personal, individual pants' pockets to have built a couple of fleets.

During the earlier part of the World War we did not suffer, because all we could manufacture was urgently needed by the Allies. Because the Allies were fighting, the countries which had bought from them were forced to buy of us. If we had been able to ship in our own ships we would have made a great deal more money. That is an irritating argument to our friends across the sea, but it is true. After the Armistice the famine-stricken nations of Europe began to call for help. We were using our ships then—those that could be navigated—in bringing our men and goods back from France. We sought to send food to Europe. What happened?

European ship-owners shot the rates so high they could not have been reached by a skyrocket.

No one criticizes them. They are in the shipping business and not in a shipping philanthropy. But we would have had to pay through the nose for the freight on the food we were giving

Private Stein was a monetary expert. When the American and French Governments attempted to collect the sum he had swindled from their citizens they found it had been deposited safely in the name of his second lady friend. She bought a hotel in Paris. Some day, she is sure, when Private Stein is out of prison, he will return to France.

A fourth Tale of the D.C.I.—"The Magic Cloak"—will appear in an early issue.

away if we had not been able to withdraw some of our war-built ships and put them in the food-carrying trade. We shipped \$20,000,000 worth of supplies to the starving ones. It was a happy thing for the world that we had the ships. It was a mighty good thing for our own farmers, too, for crop prices began to turn upward when that buying began. A coal shortage threatened, and we began to import coal. The rates soared. We put some of our own ships at work and they settled down again.

Our foreign trade is now increasing at a more rapid rate and on a more secure basis than most of us realize. The war jolted us out of our narrow rut. The Germans had told us that we did not know how to sell goods to South America, and we believed them. They practically controlled the hardware trade in Mexico. It was not until the war came that we discovered that most of this hardware was American-made. The Germans had been acting as our agents, but had pasted "Made in Germany" labels on it. As rapidly as they established a first-rate retail trade they began to substitute their own goods for ours. They told us we did not know how to handle credits. We believed them. We believe easily, we Americans, being an open-hearted and credulous people. Therefore we did not go into the foreign banking business on a great scale, but where we did not have a single bank in South America we now have thirty or forty. We are doing a better credit business than the Germans used to do, because it is a fairer business to our customers. Instead of forcing long-time credits on them we are teaching the advantage of discounts and short time. Yet we give them plenty of latitude if they need it.

"Our credit losses in South America are actually less than they are at home," said Dr. Klein, "because we are more careful."

The Department of Commerce is planning in a big way for the future. Where Americans cannot be found to handle American business in a foreign city native agents will be used. Dr. Klein has a list of 100,000 reliable native firms all over the world which will act in that capacity. The Germans and the British and the French who formerly acted as our agents are to find the game is no longer so easy. No one blames them, mind you, for trying to put their goods in the market in place of the American-made goods for which they were supposed to be the agents. European commerce is both practical and patriotic. But now that we know how they did it they cannot do it any more.

That is only one phase of the work of the Department of Commerce. It is

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finding trade opportunities. It is teaching our manufacturers and exporters how to get business. Not long ago a high duty was clapped on rubber coats in Argentina in order that a business of building rubber coats at home might be built up. That might have jolted the American firms which had had the business, except that the Department of Commerce told them in time. Now they are doing a larger trade in the non-dutiable findings for rubber coats than they used to do in the coats themselves. By way of lagniappe the makers of rubber-coat-making machinery are shipping scores of machines.

You get the point? American export commerce with other countries is growing as is the trade of no other country. We did 81 percent more foreign commerce in 1922 than we did in 1913. Twenty other major countries showed an increase of only two percent. That means prosperity ahead unless we deliberately cut our own throats. We can and have sold that fifteen percent of which Dr. Klein speaks before we had really learned how to do business with other nations. Now that we are learning—

Building reports show that more factories are being built. More wharves are being built. More building is only waiting for the materials and the men. This report comes from all over the land.

We will double and triple our present export when the world gets back to normal. But to protect ourselves it seems obvious that we must have a merchant marine. However it is we make sure of it, we must make sure. We would seem fools to take another chance on ruination because another grand duke is shot by another lunatic, thereby giving some militaristic nation another chance to spill the peaceful beans. Likewise, when we have our own ships under our own flag we will be making our own proper profits. I'm ashamed to say this, so thoroughly am I under the influence of the war-made propaganda. I feel, somehow, that we ought to step back and say to the European nations, "You first, Gaston."

I am blushing like a high-school girl used to blush. But the facts cannot be disregarded. In a century of history American-owned ships—during a part of that century they were proportionately more numerous than now—did a business of nine billion dollars on American freights. In the same period foreign-owned ships took twenty-nine billion dollars from us. Twenty billions of dollars that we might have had! In seven years we paid nine billion dollars to foreign ships. In our whole national life we have spent but a billion and a half for our river and harbor improvements, and that includes the Panama Canal. Twenty-four percent of our overseas business came in American bottoms in one recent month. Nineteen percent came in Shipping Board vessels, so that only five percent—one ton in twenty—came in privately-owned American craft.

That is important—more than important—fearful. Because—

The World War taught us the need of having ships in which to transport troops. It is sheer piling idiocy to say there will not be another war. We're all pacifists. None of us want to see another war or pay for one. But wars are breeding right now. They may never be born—not these particular wars—but they are being bred. Great Britain decided by a lopsided vote in the House of Commons that she must be

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Without one penny of advance payment let us place in your hands to see, to examine, to inspect, to admire, to approve, a real masterpiece in watch creation. A Watch which passes the most rigid inspection and measures up to the exacting requirements of the great Santa Fe Railway System, and other great American trunk lines.

Page 12 of Our Watch Book is of Special Interest to You

Ask for our Watch Book free—then select the Watch you would like to see, either the famous Santa Fe Special or the 6 position Bunn Special, and let us explain our easy payment plan and send the watch express prepaid for you to examine. No Money Down. Remember—No money down—easy payments buys a master timepiece—a 21 Jewel guaranteed for a lifetime at about half the price you pay for a similar watch of other makes. No money down—a wonderful offer.

SANTA FE WATCH CO.
6111 Thomas Bldg., Topeka, Kan.
(Home of the Great Santa Fe Railway)

A Letter, Post Card or this Coupon Will Bring My Free Watch Book

SANTA FE WATCH CO.,
6111 Thomas Bldg., Topeka, Kansas

Please send me your New Watch Book with the understanding that this request does not obligate me in any way.

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Catch Fish, Bels, mink, muskrats and other fur-bearing animals, in large numbers, with our new, Folding, Galvanized Steel Wire Trap. It catches them like a fly-trap catches flies. Made in all sizes. Strong and durable. Write for Descriptive Price List, and our Free Booklet on best bait known for attracting all kinds of fish.

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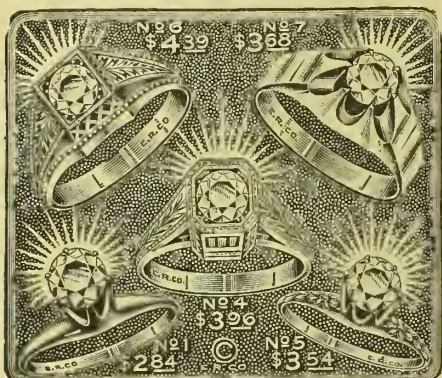
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Solicits as a member of the old established firm of MILES STEVENS & CO., the business of his fellow Legionnaires and of their friends. We offer a strictly professional service at moderate fees. Preliminary advice without charge. Send sketch or model for examination. Offices, Barrister Bldg., Washington, D.C.; 388 Monadnock Chicago, Ills.

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Large shirt manufacturer wants agents to sell complete line of shirts, pajamas, and night shirts direct to wearer. Advertised brand—exclusive patterns—easy to sell. No experience or capital required. Entirely new proposition. Write for free samples.

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In '17, '18 or '19 your organization was photographed. It's the only photograph of the "bunch" as you and they were then. It can never be taken again. Get a copy now, while you can, for your children and their children's children. If your outfit was photographed we can supply it. Give full name—camp and date. Price \$3.00.

COLE & CO., Asbury Park, N. J.

in a position to dominate the seas as she used to do. She proposes to live up to the letter of the disarmament pact which she signed at Washington. But she will make of Singapore a great fortified port—because she proposes to be in a position to say to our little brown brother of Japan, "Stop. Road closed."

That is the belief of the sharps on the Eastern situation with whom I have talked in Washington. Mind you, there is no suggestion that she proposes to go to war with Japan. Nor that Japan plans a war with John. It is merely that Britain, having been in the business of warring and trading for a good many years, does not intend to be caught napping. No one hints that the Singapore precaution is directed at us. But if Great Britain and Japan were to fight—recalling that Japan would have the advantage of fighting in her own seas—what might happen to us?

No one knows. No one knew in 1914 what would happen to us in 1917. No one could know. But we, also, have Eastern possessions. In spite of the pacifistic balderdash that is mouthed in times of peace we know perfectly well that we would play your own hand. In the Spanish War we had not ships enough to take our tiny army across the narrow waters between Tampa and Santiago. We bought old hulks at yacht prices. Some of them barely held together. We did not learn by experience. Even now—because in our whole-souled desire to aid the Allies we built cargo boats to fill their needs instead of building a balanced fleet for our own—even now we have only fifty fast transports. Great Britain has 250.

Without a real cargo and transport fleet we should be as helpless in the eastern seas as a wooden-legged man on a waxed floor. We have no base for our ships of war in the East. In the Washington pact we agreed not to fortify ports that should have been fortified years ago. In order to play a part in the East—if forced on us—we should be compelled to send our fleet over there with no fortified base in which to lie or to which to go for rest and coal and refitting. It would be the most savage test ever asked of fighting ships and men. We would be forced to keep the high seas. The food, the oil, the shells, the infinite variety of necessities for a fleet at sea must be carried to that fleet by our mercantile marine.

Or else we should be forced to stay at home. Lie quiet in Pearl Harbor or San Francisco Bay. Submit to whatever might happen to us in Eastern waters. Hone for the best.

The cost that would be forced on us need not be considered. But it is worth observing that if we had had a mercantile marine in 1914 we need not have spent three billion dollars before 1919 ended.

The war threw everything out of joint. Instead of waiting for our merchant marine to grow in a natural and normal way as our export trade increases—so that in the end we should find our rivals had all the docks and wharves and fuel stations and the established business—we had a fleet thrown in our laps just at the time that our export trade took such a furious bound. To put it differently, our mercantile marine did increase in a normal way. It grew in proportion to our trade. But the business it is doing for us is not a fair and normal part of our total business. Our shipowners cannot afford to operate their ships.

Our chief trade rivals are head over heels in debt to us. Europe owes us fifteen billion dollars in public and private loans. We are prosperous through the fortune of war; Europe is on the teetering edge of bankruptcy. It is evident that Europe will try to capture the world trade. The European nations need the business. If they have the ships they will get the trade. That is as plain as a wooden pump. If we have a million dollars' worth of goods to sell to a South American customer and France has the same amount to sell to the same customer it will be impossible for us to outbid France for the services of her own ships. We may be willing to pay a higher freight rate, but the wise European government will find some way to see that the loss to the shipowner is made up, in order that the million dollar order goes to her factory. As she should. That is business and patriotism.

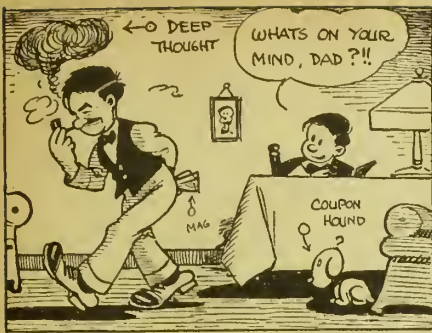
The Shipping Board does not believe in the principle of government ownership of ships. A firm can do business more cannily than a government. A company can engage in business on its own account. A government cannot. Costs are lower to the individual; his initiative is greater, the speed snappier. If the Government is compelled to operate the Government's mercantile fleet and get the business—and that is why the fleet will be operated—it will eventually drive out of the shipping business the Americans who are now engaged in it. It will be cutting the throats of the very men it is hoping will buy its fleet. Yet that is what has been forced on the Government by the failure of the last Congress to enact the subsidy bill into law.

Remember that the American flag is to be kept on the seas.

The reason why American shipping men cannot operate without some form of government aid is plain to be seen. There is a difference in wage costs of from \$8,000 to \$12,000 a year between an American and a British ship. What is far more important, the British ship was built at a cost of \$750,000, we will say. The same vessel built here would cost one million dollars. That makes a difference of \$250,000 in cost, and a shipowner charges off twenty percent a year for interest, taxes, insurance, depreciation and the like. So that to the \$50,000 annual increased cost of the American vessel is added an \$8,000 wage difference. The total means that the American ship can keep the sea only at a loss, as compared to its rival. It can be outbid on every charter. During 1922 Great Britain managed to get 950,000 tons of idle shipping back to work. We laid up 100,000 more tons. Since then we have laid up another 100,000 tons or more.

Here is the nub of the whole story. We have the ships. We propose to keep them—Congress never hesitates to appropriate money for the fleet's annual cost. We must have them to save our foreign commerce, which in the near future may make the difference between good times and hard times, as Dr. Klein said. We can operate them as a government-owned fleet and drive our private ship-owners off the seas. Or by some system of direct and indirect payment, preferential treatment or what-not, we can make it possible for our shipping men to operate that fleet themselves. Remember—

We have the ships. And the American flag is to be kept on the seas.



Talking It Over With Buddy In the Barrel



A comrade from out California way writes to ask if it was only a rumor of the vintage of the old days, that story of Buddy's that a 48-page Weekly with a better cover was Legionward bound.

This buddy says the only 48 he has seen is the 40-8.

Now comes the Coupon Comrade putting his cards on the table. After looking them over you will see for yourself that "to be or not to be a 48" is a question that must be answered by our combined forces.

Members of the Order of Coupons have given h. and f. service in helping Buddy toward this important objective. Every time they see a dotted line, they reach for a fountain pen. When they see advertisements in other publications that should be in the Weekly, they write the advertisers and introduce Buddy and his three quarters of a million family. When they look over our pages to find some product advertised for which they are in the market, and don't find the copy, they try to find out why. They either ask Buddy or the advertiser.

These regular members of the Order of Coupons rate higher with Buddy than the old mess sergeant on a hike. They well deserve the Croix de Dotted Line. But they can't carry all the pack all the time. They are still far too few in numbers.

Buddy had expected to advance to the new objective under a terrific barrage of co-operation from fresh contribs following the announcement of his new plans. But just the regulars came

through with the sales ammunition—a concentrated, well-directed barrage, but too light for a long advance.

But one reader of the Weekly in ten thousand ever grabs the light detail of clipping a kupe and shooting the two cents railroad fare that sends it to Barrelland. Many must think the dotted lines represent bullets speeding from a m.g., objects dangerous to meddle with, veritable h.e. if placed in a mailbox and addressed to Buddy. Some may think the coupon is a border ornament; others liken it to a "plant" placed by a retreating Jerry.

Read the tabulation below and weep. Readers in some states haven't sent in enough coupons to make a paper napkin for a coot.

If Buddy could get 10,000 coupons a week, or even a thousand, he'd be as happy as he was the day he got on a Paris train at Amiens when he was really eastward bound.

Buddy asks that you go over your issues of the Weekly and shower down on the kupes.

Hue to the dotted lines. Let's get that 48 on the presses.

Let it not be said of Buddy and the army of Legionnaires that they ever started anything in co-operation they couldn't finish.

How does your state stand on the list below? Not so good. You can make it better.

STANDING IN THE COUPON RACE BY STATES

Ohio.....	142	Neb.....	32	Wyo.....	15	China.....	6
N. J.....	122	R. I.....	32	Md.....	14	W. Va.....	5
N. Y.....	115	Alaska.....	30	Mo.....	14	Nev.....	4
Fla.....	94	Ore.....	30	Ga.....	13	N. M.....	4
Minn.....	90	Va.....	25	Okla.....	13	Vt.....	3
Cal.....	89	Utah.....	25	Miss.....	12	Alabama.....	1
Pa.....	82	Mich.....	24	N. C.....	9	Del.....	1
Mass.....	62	N. D.....	24	Ark.....	9		
Col.....	60	Texas.....	20	Idaho.....	8		
Ill.....	59	S. D.....	19	Hawaii.....	7	France.....	2
Iowa.....	42	Wash.....	18	N. H.....	7	Scotland.....	2
Ind.....	41	La.....	18	Conn.....	6	Belgium.....	1
Wis.....	38	Me.....	17	Ariz.....	6	England.....	1
S. C.....	35	Tenn.....	16	Dist. of Col.....	6	Spain.....	1
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"BE IT RESOLVED, that with a firm belief in the value of our magazine—THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY—as a national advertising medium; with the realization that due to limited subscription price and constantly increasing cost of production, the improvements which we desire to see in it will only be made possible through increased advertising revenue—and that increased advertising revenue depends primarily upon our support of advertisers in the WEEKLY—we hereby pledge our support and our patronage, as individuals, and as an organization, to those advertisers who use the columns of our official magazine—THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY."

Resolution passed unanimously at the Second National Convention of The American Legion.

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V SERVICE STRIPE—AWARDED ADVERTISERS WITH US REGULARLY FOR OVER SIX MONTHS. THE VV, VVV, VVVV, VVVVV AND VVVVVV STRIPERS ARE INCREASING. NOTICE THE ★. THIS IS THE INSIGNIA FOR THE CROIX DE COUPON, AWARDED WHEN THE SEVENTH

We do not knowingly accept false or fraudulent advertising, or any advertising of an objectionable nature. See "Our Platform," issue of December 22, 1922. Readers are requested to report promptly any failure on the part of an advertiser to make good any representation contained in an advertisement in THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY.

Advertising rates: \$3.00 per agate line. Smallest copy accepted, 14 lines (1 incb). THE ADVERTISING MANAGER, 627 West 43d Street, N. Y. City.

THEY ADVERTISE LET'S PATRONIZE

No More Foot Pains!



Thousands Say New Invention Banishes Every Ache—Instantly!

No braces; no straps; no metal; no rigid appliances; no bandages; no trouble or bother of any kind. Yet every pain, twinge and soreness disappears instantly—as if by a touch of a magic wand!

NO longer need most of us suffer the tortures of tired, weak, aching, burning feet! For foot specialists have perfected a marvelous new device, which usually the very instant you make use of it—causes the pains and aches to disappear.

No matter how long you have suffered—no matter how many different treatments you have taken without relief—no matter how hopeless your case may be—this new invention is positively guaranteed to relieve you completely of all foot misery and to bring you glorious foot comfort, or it costs you nothing.

Agonizing twinges in the arches and instep—terrible drawing pains in the ankles and legs—torturous aches in the toes and heels—pains from burning, blistered, swollen joints—even pains from corns, bunions and callouses are at once relieved and you walk around with never a thought of foot pains. It's just as if you were given entirely new feet.

Why Pain Disappears Instantly

Science has proved that 99 of every 100 foot pains are caused by faulty arches. Your arches support the entire weight of your body. They consist of a series of delicate bones, nicely fitted together so as to form a spring. The spring of your arches cushions your weight and absorbs the shocks of walking.

Now the bones of your arches are held in place by certain muscles in the legs and feet. But frequently these muscles become weakened and strained, with the result that the bones of your arches, under the weight of your body, are forced out of place. The moment this happens, you begin suffering all the tortures of fallen arches. The displaced bones are jammed into the tender flesh of your feet, causing unbearable agony. The foot muscles become torn and twisted; sensitive nerves are squeezed; blood vessels are choked. Then, too, with the flattening of the arches the feet spread out in the shoes, causing excessive perspiration, and burning pains from corns, bunions, callouses and blisters.

Yet, no matter how sore or aching your feet may be, the pain is relieved almost the instant you make use of this sensational new scientific discovery. Why? Because this new device at once raises the flattened arches to their normal position, immediately relieving the unnatural pressure and friction that is causing your foot misery, and bringing you glorious foot

comfort such as you never experienced before. The immediate relief from pain should actually amaze you! Furthermore, this new device strengthens your arch muscles with every step you take—so that they become strong and well again, and no further treatment is necessary!

How New Invention Works

The old way of treating falling arches was to place rigid metal props under them or to use cumbersome straps, bandages, or ugly looking specially built shoes. But instead of strengthening the arches, these old-fashioned methods in many cases actually weakened them. They did not permit the foot muscles to get exercise, and as a result the arches flattened out again the moment these unnatural appliances were removed.

But this new invention, which can be slipped into any styled shoe, is entirely different. It is called the Russian Sponge Rubber Arch Support, and is in the form of a light and springy pad, scientifically formed to the natural arch of the foot. Each pair is made of specially compounded Russian Sponge Rubber—one of the most resilient materials known—and to make it actually surcharged with

air. They are so light and flexible (as you can see in the little picture on this page) that were it not for the instant buoyancy and comfort they bring, you would never be aware of their presence.

As you walk on them—and it is like walking on layers of air—this springy rubber exerts a marvelously gentle and even pressure at all points. This instantly raises the fallen arches to their proper position and automatically adjusts the displaced arch bones. At the same time, as this light, springy rubber yields to your weight it reproduces exactly the natural spring of your arch! Its constant compression and expansion at every step massages, exercises and strengthens the muscles in a natural way, thus quickly bringing back their old-time vigor and strength.

Results Positively Guaranteed

With this new kind of arch support you do not have to wait for results. They are usually evident instantly! Note how all pain disappears almost the moment you first wear these amazing new devices. Note how they give you a buoyancy—a new sprightliness. With them you

can walk or stand all day—without feeling the least bit of fatigue. But best of all these results are permanent! For by exercising and strengthening the foot and leg muscles which support the arches, the arches are again made sturdy and vigorous, and no further treatment is necessary.

Furthermore, the New Russian Sponge Rubber Arch Supports are positively guaranteed to banish all pain and build up the arches—and if, after trying them you are not more than delighted with results, they cost you nothing.

SEND NO MONEY

Many people have paid specialists hundreds of dollars for the benefits that you can now secure from the Russian Sponge Rubber Arch Supports for an astonishingly small amount.

Don't send a cent in advance. Simply fill in the coupon, being sure to give the exact size of your foot as instructed below. Don't hesitate to order by mail, for every day we are fitting hundreds this way. In spite of the fact that these supports have regularly sold for \$5.00—when the postman hands them to you, just pay him the amazingly low price of only \$1.95 (plus few cents postage) in full payment. Slip the supports into your shoes. Walk on them. See if you are not amazed at the wonderful relief and comfort they bring. Try them five days. Then if you are not pleased in every way with what they have done for you, simply return them and your money will be instantly—and gladly—refunded without question.

This special low price of only \$1.95 is being made for a short time only and may never be offered again. So mail the coupon today—now—and say "Good-bye" to foot pains forever. Thompson-Barlow Co., Inc., Dept. A-266, 43 West 16th Street, New York, N. Y.

LOW PRICE INTRODUCTORY OFFER COUPON

THOMPSON-BARLOW CO., Inc.

Dept. A-266, 43 West 16th St.

New York



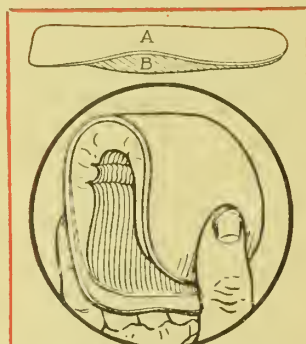
If not sure of shoe size, stand on piece of paper and trace outline of stock-lined foot. Hold pencil upright. Enclose this with coupon.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Size of Shoe.....Width.....Men's ☐ Women's ☐



These marvelous supports, which slip into your shoes, are so light and flexible that they can actually be bent double. In diagram above, "A" represents a thin layer of soft flexible leather. "B" is a wonderfully resilient pad of specially compounded Russian Sponge Rubber. The supports conform to the exact contour of the foot in every position—not only bringing you instant comfort, but strengthening the foot muscles with every step you take.